THE

CENTENNIAL SCHOOL SINGER,

CONTAINING

Songs of Patriotism and Peace.

FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE AMERICAN UNION.

BY

GEO. HENRY CURTIS AND WM. OLAND BOURNE.

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New York and Chicago:
PUBLISHED BY BIGLOW & MAIN.
For Sale by Booksellers and Music Dealers.
1876.

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PREFACE.

The authors of the present work deem it unnecessary to accompany it with any of the elementary lessons in music, which are usually found in the books designed for instruction and musical exercise, either in schools or families. It is not intended to supersede, but to supplement the works of other authors, and has for its purpose the presentation of a collection of songs and hymns which shall express and assist in cultivating all the patriotic impulses of the youth of America, and meet the wants of instructors in our educational institutions; and be at the same time of sufficient range and value to make it acceptable for general use among "children of larger growth," who desire to possess in a compact form a selection of the best hymns and songs of the republic. With these, are some original contributions, which it is hoped will be acceptable. The melodic and rhythmic character of the music throughout is adapted to the use of all classes of singers, the compass being within the most available tones.

As a legitimate and appropriate feature of the work, the national hymns of other lands have been collected, so that while singing of our own exalted institutions, and so signally favored with the blessings of freedom, we may unite with others equally attached, it may be, to the land of their birth, and thus blend into one "universal doxology" the glad acclamations of those who unite with us, not only in our National Jubilee, but in their respect for our country, and the radiant flag which it flings to the breeze under every sky.

Our acknowledgments are due to Hubert P. Main, for the valuable assistance he has rendered in the preparation of this work for the press.

GEO. H. CURTIS,
WM. OLAND BOURNE.

New York, May 10th, 1876.

THE CENTENNIAL SCHOOL SINGER.

THE BOSTON TEA-PARTY. 1773.

Words by Wm. Oland Bourne. Music by Geo. H. Curtis.

To the Teacher.—Sing in Soli or Tutti, in Unison or Harmony parts.

Allegretto. *mf*

1. A famous tea-par-ty once gathered in Bos-ton, At ver-y short no-tice, with-out prep-a-ra-tion; They talked o-ver matters, and brave-ly de-termined No
2. With fa-ces all paint-ed, and dress or-na-men-tal, Like sons of the for-est they took up their sta-tion On board of the ves-sels that brought out their cargoes, That
3. The tea once in mo-tion, they handled it free-ly, Their spir-its all stirred with a deep in-dig-na-tion; And four hundred box-es, or that number near-ly, Were

f *mf*

f CHORUS. *ff*

long - er to suf - fer by Brit - ish tax - a - tion; Three pence a pound on tea; The fa - mous tax on
made them pay trib - ute to Brit - ish tax - a - tion.
soon out of reach of the Brit - ish tax - a - tion.

Three pence a pound on tea; The fa - mous tax on

f *ff*

tea; 'Twas a ve - ry small tax, one would think, on the backs Of the so - cia - ble lov - ers of tea.

tea: 'Twas a ve - ry small tax, one would think, on the backs Of the so - cia - ble lov - ers of tea.

LEXINGTON. A. D. 1775.

W. O. B. G. H. C.

Allegro Risoluto.

f *mf* *f* *mf*

1. The beacon fires were burning bright, And freeman's hearts were bold and strong, While thro' the drear and gloomy night, They
2. It was the freemen's chosen ground, Who met with purpose true as steel, That they would nev-er more be found, Be -

p *cres.* *f*

passed the words of hope a - long; The clouds were gathering o'er the sky, And doubt up - on the fu - ture time, But
neath op - pression's i - ron heel; The foe - men came, and e'er the day Had passed, the conflict had been won; And

vows went up to win or die, In sac - ri - fice and love sublime.
fame im - mor - tal sheds its ray Up - on the fields of Lex - ing - ton. *f*

BUNKER HILL. A. D. 1775.

W. O. B. G. H. C.

Allegro Moderato.

1. A faith - ful band of no - ble men Were watch - ing for the
2. They la - bored through the si - lent night— A love - ly night in
3. Pres - cott and Put - nam lead - ers true, The ground con - test - - ed

mf

foe ;..... The cry of war.... was heard a - gain,.... For Brit - ons struck the
June ;..... While stars shed down... their sil - ver light,.... And bright - ly beamed the
well ;..... And death - less fame... points out to view..... The place where War - ren

cres.

blow;..... The fa - - - ther cheered his earn - - est son, And broth - ers toiled.... with
moon;..... And when.... the day.... in full - - ness came, The foe..... in pride.... and
fell;..... The Brit - - ons found that val - - - or high, A no - - ble and..... un -

p p p

f cres. ff mf

i - - ron will, For Freedom's strife had now begun, And led them on to Bun - ker Hill, To Bun - ker Hill, For
pomp drew near, With flashing steel, while fire and flame Made ru - in in their path ap - pear, Their path ap - pear. And
daunt - ed will And bold re - solve to win or die, Were Freedom's vows at Bun - ker Hill, At Bun - ker Hill. And

mf cres. ff mf

BUNKER HILL Concluded.

cres. *ff*

Free - dom's strife had now be - gun, And led them on to Bun - ker Hill, To Bun - ker Hill.
flash - ing steel, while fire and flame Made ru - in in their path ap - pear, Their path ap - pear.
bold re - solve to win or die, Where Free - dom's vows at Bun - ker Hill, At Bun - ker Hill.

cres. *ff*

NO SURRENDER.

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER. G. H. C.

Andante maestoso.

1. Ev - er constant, ev - er true, Let the word be, No surrender; Boldly dare, and greatly do! This shall bring us bravely thro,' No sur-
2. Constant, and courageous still, Mind, the word is, No surrender! Bat - tle, tho' it be up hill, Stagger not at seeming hill, No sur-

render! And tho' Fortune's smiles be few, Hope is always springing new, Still inspiring me and you, With a magic, No surrender!
render! Hope, and thus your hope fulfill, There's a way where there's a will, And the way all cares to kill, Is to give them—No surrender!

BRUCE'S ADDRESS.

ROBERT BURNS. Scotch Melody.

Andante maestoso.

1. Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled, Scots, whom Bruce has often led, Welcome to your go - ry bed, Or to vic - to - ry!
2. Wha will be a traitor knave? Wha will fill a coward's grave? Wha sae base as be a slave? Let him turn and flee!
3. By oppression's woes and pains, By your sons in ser - vile chains, We will drain our dearest veins, But they shall be free!

Now's the day, and now's the hour! See the front of bat - tle low'r, See approach prond Edward's pow'r, Chains and slaver - y!
Wha for Scotland's king and law, Freedom's sword will strongly draw, Freeman stand, or free - men fa? Let him fol - low me!
Lay the proud u - surpers low, Tyrants fall in eve - ry foe! Lib - er - ty's in eve - ry blow! Let us do or die!

WARREN'S ADDRESS.

Words by JOHN PIERPONT.

1 Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still!
What's the mercy despots feel!
Hear it in that battle peal!
Read it in yon bristling steel!
Ask it, ye who will.

2 Fear ye foes, who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look behind you! they're afire!
And before you, see
Who have done it! from the vale
On they come! and will ye quail?
Leaden rain and iron hail!
Let their welcome be!

3 In the God of battles trust!
Die we may,—and die we must:
But oh! where can "dust to dust,"
Be consigned so well,
As where heaven its dews shall shed,
On the martyr'd patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
Of his deeds to tell?

INDEPENDENCE DAY. (Hymn.)

W. O. B. G. H. C.

Con Moto. *mf* *f* *p*

1. Be - fore thy throne, this day we bow, God of the earth and rolling spheres, For thy rich blessings ev - er flow, Thy
2. Our fa - thers sought thy gracious aid, When clouds of darkness hovered round, And for thy goodness then displayed, Our

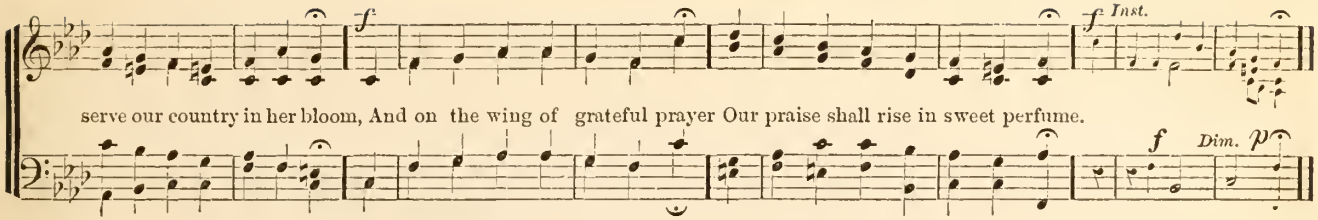
f *p*

bounty crowns the fleet-ing years. 3. Re - ly - ing on thy powerful hand, They fought for freedom and for truth, And
will - ing praises now resound.

f Inst. *p*

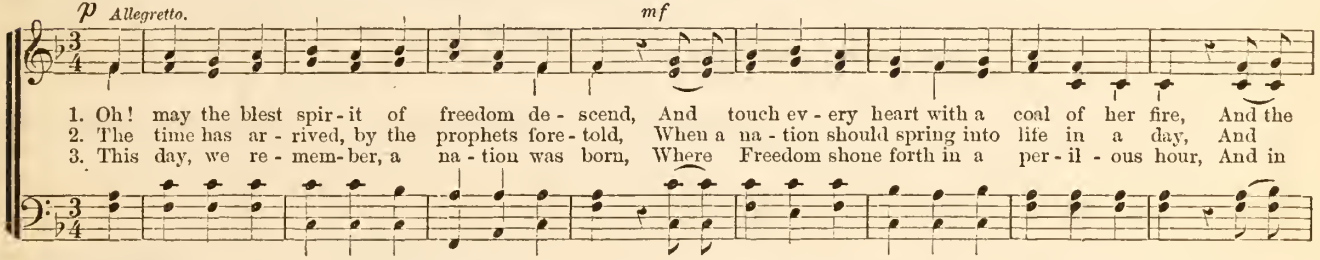
in thy strength our happy land Re - joic - es proudly in her youth. 4. Still let thy ever watchful care Pre-

f

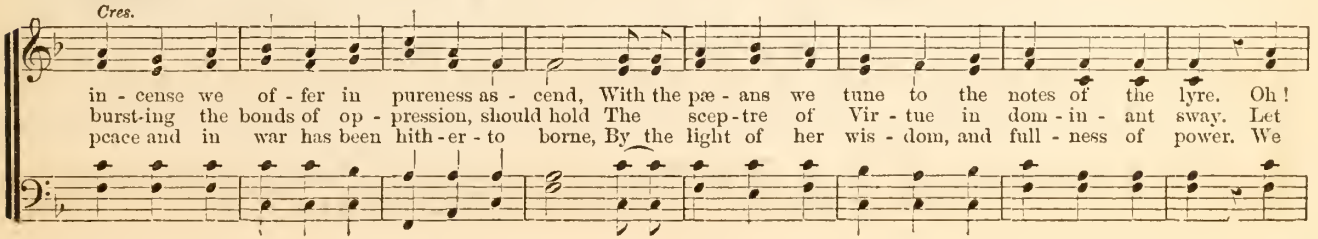


INDEPENDENCE DAY. (Ode.)

W. O. B. G. H. C.



1. Oh! may the blest spir - it of freedom de - scend, And touch ev - ery heart with a coal of her fire, And the
2. The time has ar - rived, by the prophets fore - told, When a na - tion should spring into life in a day, And
3. This day, we re - mem - ber, a na - tion was born, Where Freedom shone forth in a per - il - ous hour, And in



in - cense we of - fer in pureness as - cend, With the pæ - ans we tune to the notes of the lyre. Oh!
burst-ing the bonds of op - pression, should hold The scep - tre of Vir - tue in dom - in - ant sway. Let
peace and in war has been hith - er - to borne, By the light of her wis - dom, and full - ness of power. We

may the glad prais-es we raise to her here, Com - min - gle with those o'er the na - tions that roll, And the
anthems re - ech - o from mountain and hill, And the cho - rus re - sound from the depths of the sea, To
praise thee, CRE - A - TOR ! for blessings su - preme, And im-plore that thy good - ness may ev - er be sure, That the

songs of our lips that we ren - der each year. Re - spons - ive - ly breathe on the chords of the soul.
tell to all na - tions our coun-try shall still Be the home of the stran - ger, and "land of the free!"
light of thy glo - ry for - ev - er may beam, On the coun - try we love, while all time shall en - dure.

JOHN REYNELL WREFORD. 1837.

REFUGE. C. M.

G. H. C.

Andante Espress.

1. Lord while for all mankind we pray, Of ev - ery clime and coast, O hear us for our na - tive land The land we love the most.
2. Our fa - thers' sepulchers are here, And here our kindred dwell : Our children too ; how should we love An-oth-er land so well.
3. O guard our shores from ev'ry foe, With peace our borders bless ; With prosperous times our cities crown, Our fields with plenteousness.
4. U - nite us in the sa - cred love Of knowledge, truth and Thee ; And let our hills and valleys shout The songs of li - ber - ty.
5. Lord of the nations ! thus to Thee Our country we commend ; Be Thou her Refuge, and her Trust, Her ev - er - lasting Friend.

PEACE. A. D. 1783.

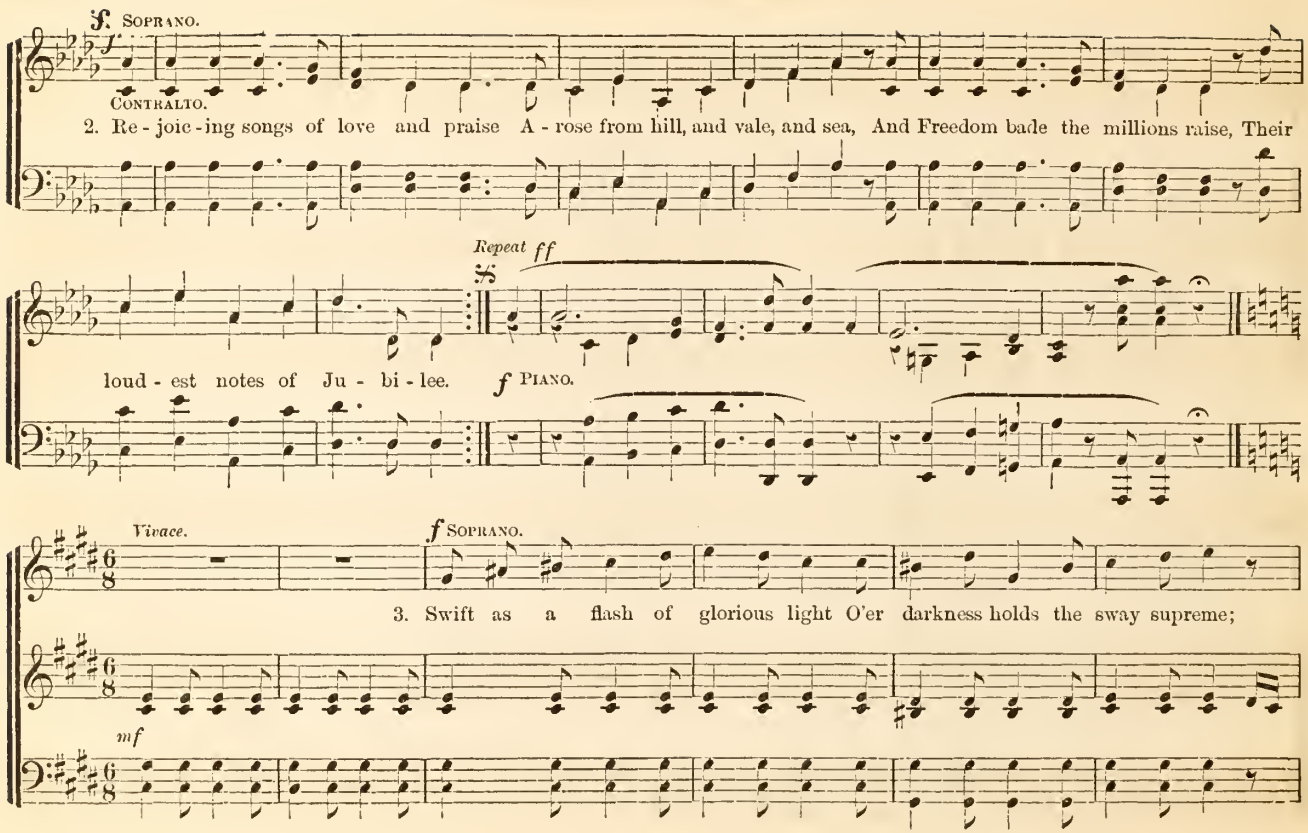
W. O. B. G. H. C.

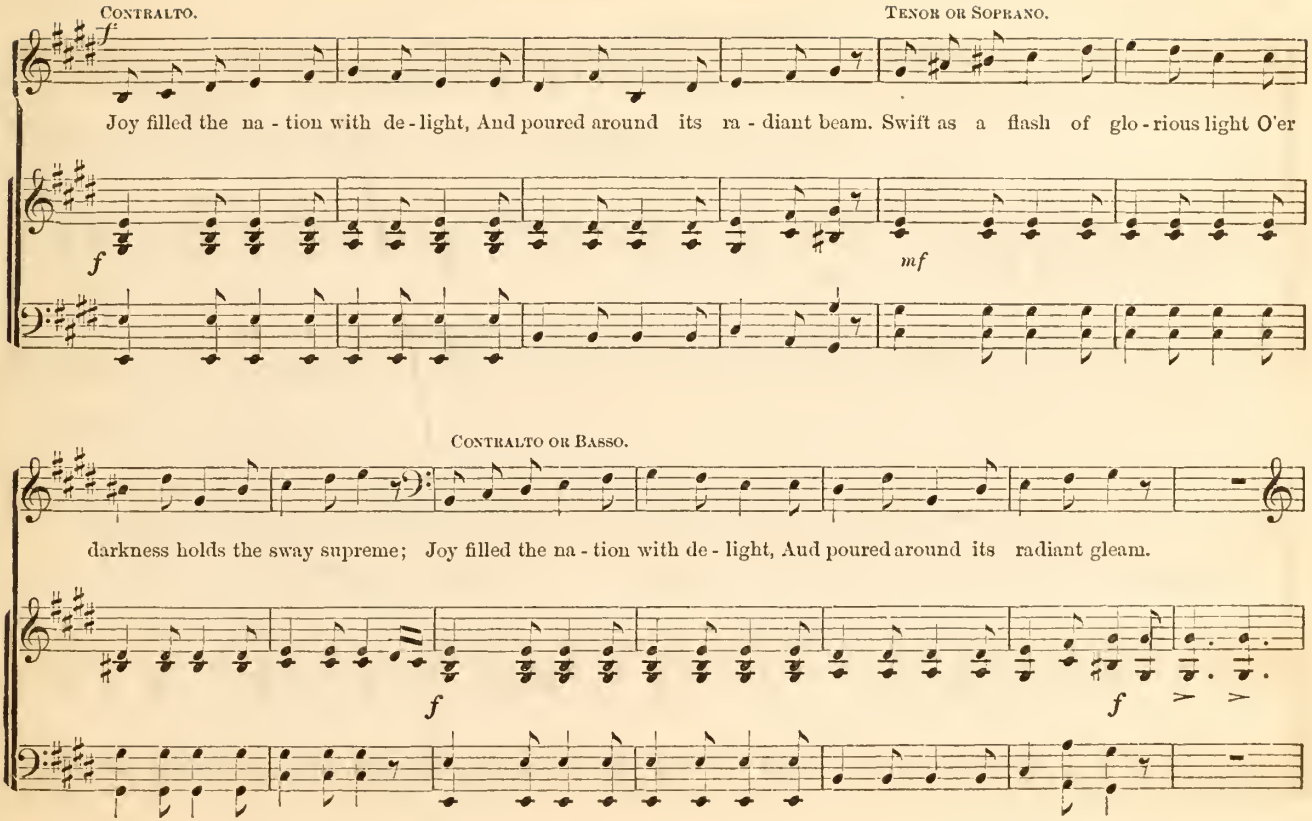
Allegro Moderato. *mf* CONTRALTO OR BASSO.

1. War sheathed at last the gleaming blade, To give the wea - ry na - tion

p

rest, While Peace came down, and gen - tly laid Her tro - phies on an al - tar blest.


Chorus.
f. Soprano.
Contralto.
2. Re - joic - ing songs of love and praise A - rose from hill, and vale, and sea, And Freedom bade the millions raise, Their
Repeat ff
loud - est notes of Ju - bi - lee.
f Piano.
Vivace.
f Soprano.
3. Swift as a flash of glorious light O'er darkness holds the sway supreme;
mf


Contralto.
Tenor or Soprano.
f
Joy filled the na - tion with de - light, And poured around its ra - diant beam. Swift as a flash of glo - rious light O'er
f
mf
Contralto or Basso.
darkness holds the sway supreme; Joy filled the na - tion with de - light, Aud poured around its radiant gleam.
f
f

Tempo primo.
CONTRALTO OR BASSO.

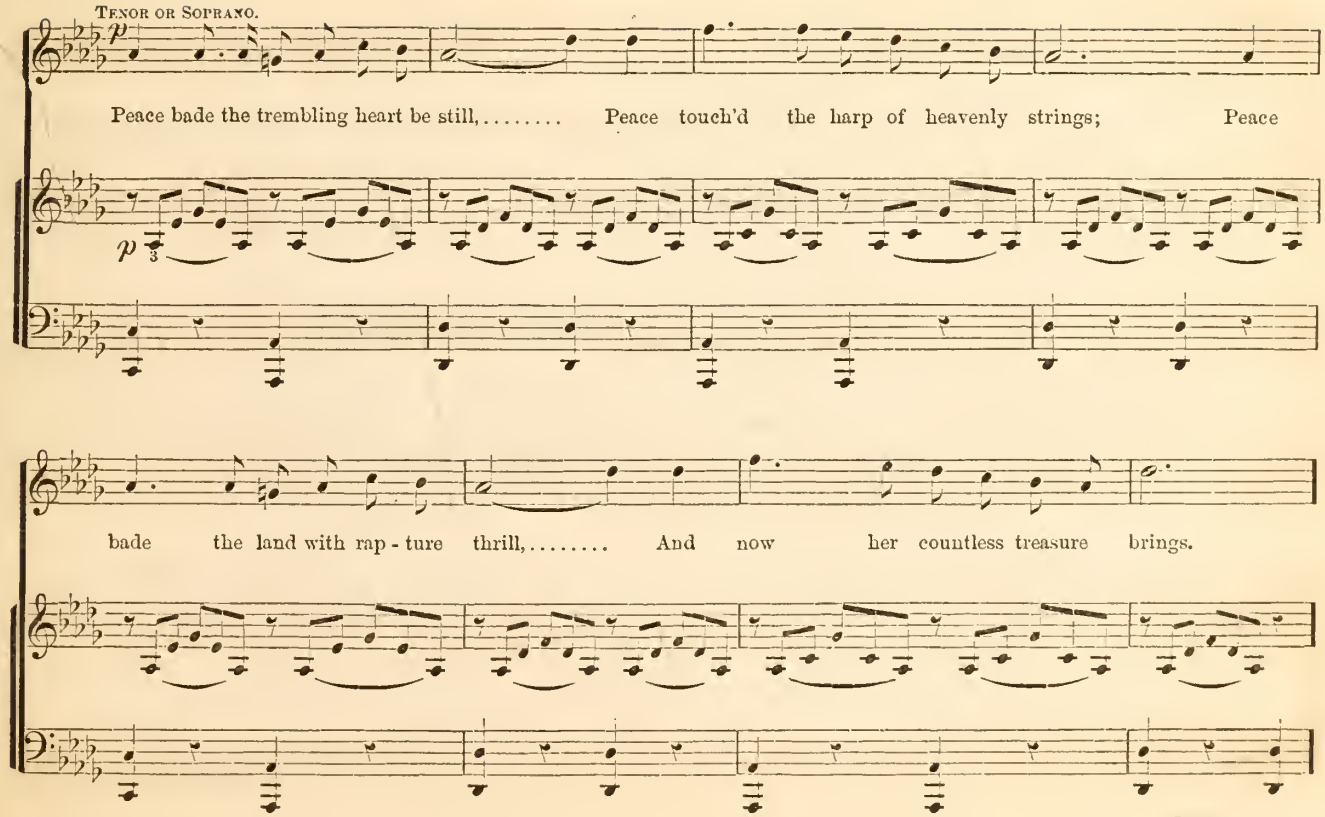
4. Peace bade the trembling heart be still, Peace touched the harp of heavenly

dim.

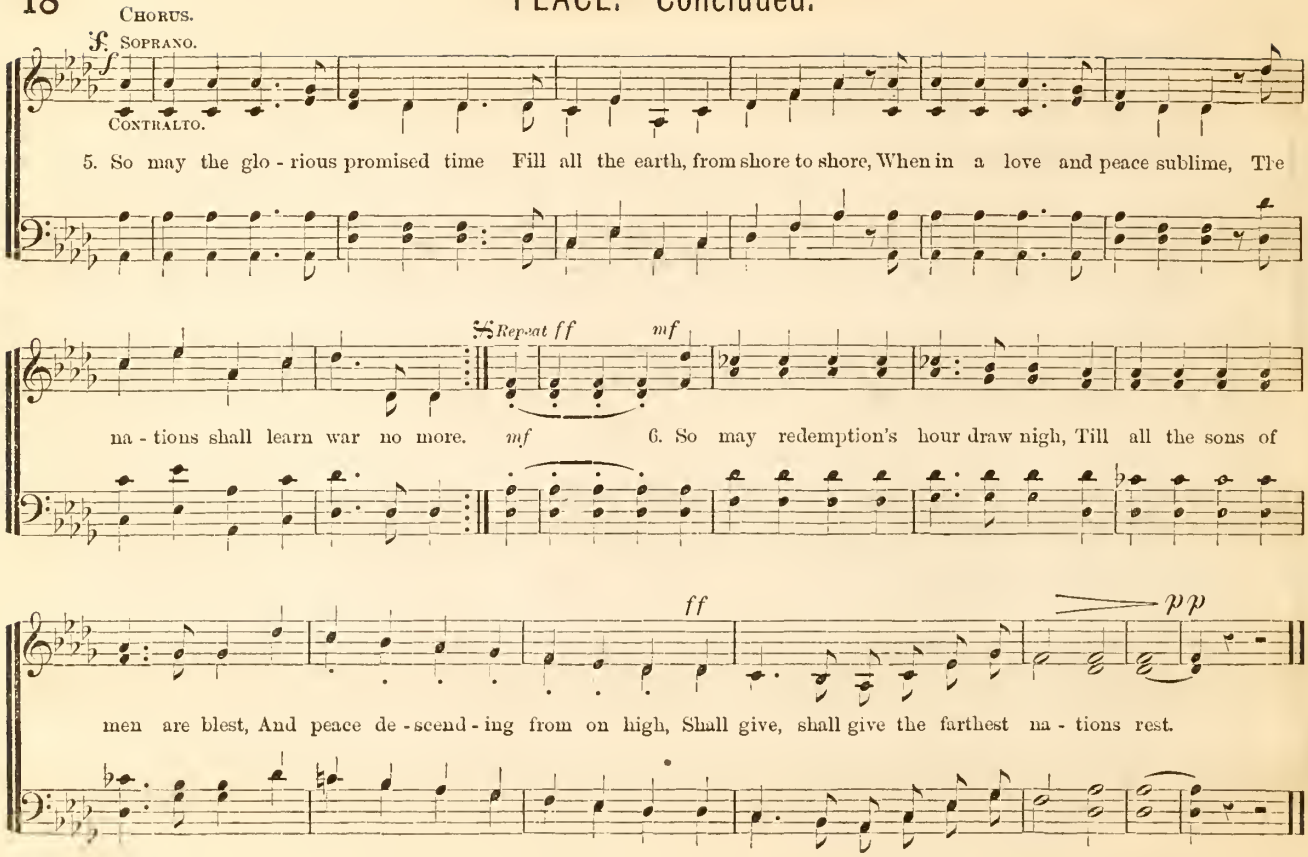
p

p

strings; Peace bade the land with rap - ture thrill, And now her countless treasures brings.


Tenor or Soprano.
p
Peace bade the trembling heart be still,..... Peace touch'd the harp of heavenly strings; Peace
p
bade the land with rap - ture thrill,..... And now her countless treasure brings.

PEACE. Concluded.



THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL.

Words by Wm. Ross Wallace. Paul Ferrar, by per.

mf *Andante espress.* *p* *mf* *p*

1. He lay upon his dying bed; His eye was growing dim: When with a feeble voice he call'd His weeping son to him;
2. The sword was bro't, the soldier's eye Lit with a sud - den flame; And as he grasp'd the ancient blade, He murmur'd Warren's name:
3. 'Twas on that dread immortal day, I dared the Briton's band, A captain rais'd this blade on me, I tore it from his hand.

p *dim.* *mf*

"Weep not, my boy, the vet - 'ran said," I bow to Heav'ns high will—But quickly from yon antlers bring The sword of Bunker
Then said "my boy, I leave you gold—But what is rich - er still— I leave you, mark me, mark me now, The sword of Bunker
And while the glorious bat - tle raged, It brightened freedom's will, For, boy, the God of freedom bless'd The sword of Bunker

f

Hill; But quick-ly from yon antlers bring, The sword of Bun - ker Hill.
Hill: I leave you, mark me, mark me now, The sword of Bun - ker Hill.
Hill; For, boy, the God of freedom bless'd The sword of Bun - ker Hill.

4 "O keep the sword!" his accents broke—
A smile—and he was dead—
But his wrinkled hand still grasp'd the blade
Upon that dying bed.
The son remains—the sword remains—
Its glory growing still—
||: And twenty millions bless the sire,
And sword of Bunker Hill. :||

SARATOGA. 1777.

W. O. B. G. H. C.

Allegretto. CHORUS.

1. On the plains of Sa - ra - to - ga, Freemen met the marshall'd foe, Till they raised the songs of tri - umph
2. On the plains of Sa - ra - to - ga, Freemen fought as freemen may, Till the brave and no - ble lead - er,
4. On the plains of Sa - ra - to - ga, Freemen met the marshall'd foe, Till they raised the songs of tri - umph

FINE. CHORUS.

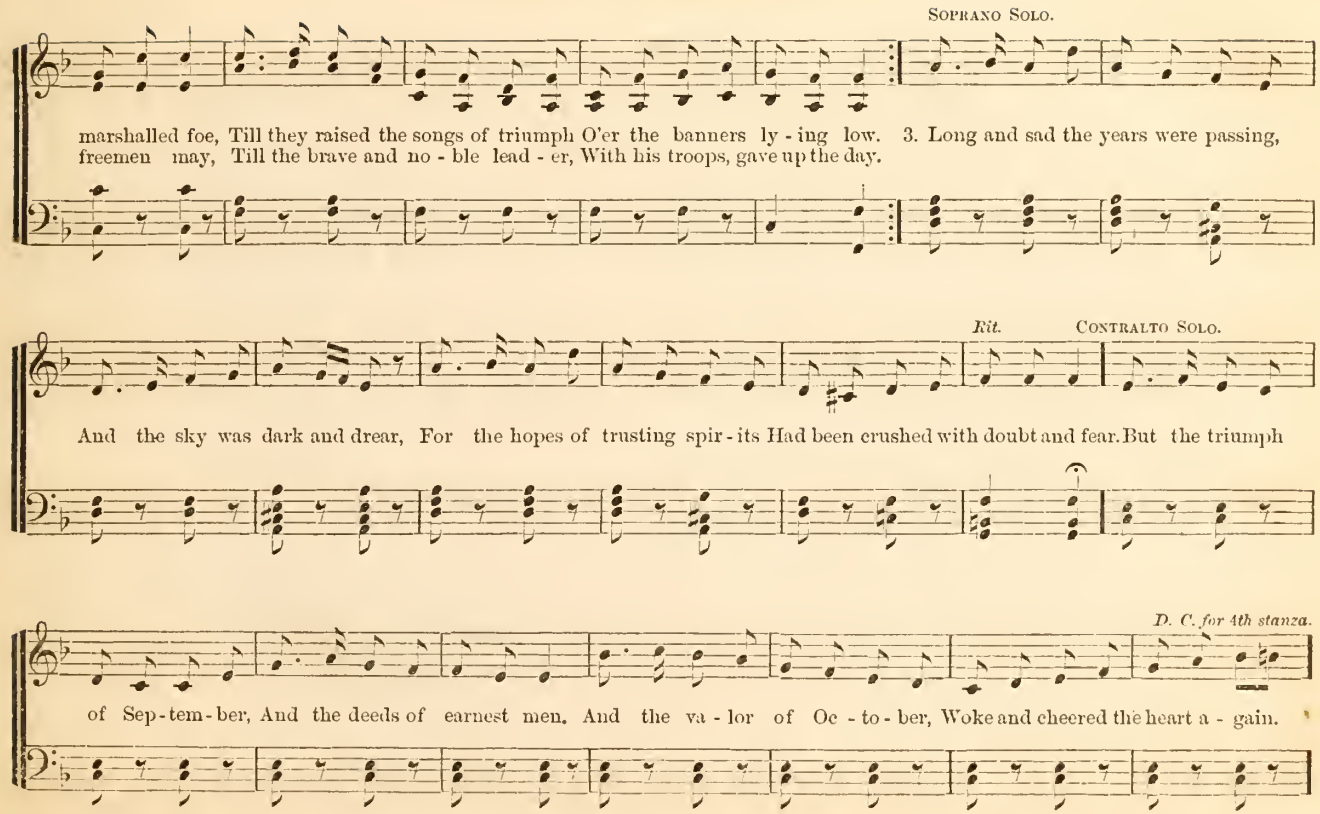
p

O'er the ban - ners ly - ing low. In the soft and sweet Sep - tem - ber, In Oc - to - ber's au - tumn days,
With his troops, gave up the day. It was in the soft Sep - tem - ber, And be - neath Oc - to - ber's sun,
O'er the ban - ners ly - ing low.

Cres. *Rit.* CHORUS. *Tempo 1mo.*

f

Freemen were a - gain the vic - tors, Sending up their songs of praise. On the plains of Sa - ra - to - ga, Freemen met the
Laying down their arms and banners, When the victor's boon was won. On the plains of Sa - ra - to - ga, Freemen fought as


Soprano Solo.
marshalled foe, Till they raised the songs of triumph O'er the banners ly - ing low. 3. Long and sad the years were passing,
freemen may, Till the brave and no - ble lead - er, With his troops, gave up the day.
Rit.
Contralto Solo.
And the sky was dark and drear, For the hopes of trusting spir - its Had been crushed with doubt and fear. But the triumph
D. C. for 4th stanza.
of Sep - tem - ber, And the deeds of earnest men. And the va - lor of Oc - to - ber, Woke and cheered the heart a - gain.

YORKTOWN. A. D. 1781.

W. O. B. G. H. C.

Andantino.

1. Where south - ern streams to o - cean glide, And ver - dant hills al - lure the sight, The
4. A - long the ranks the cry was heard, With heart and voice, "We will, we will!" For

Inst.

p

mf

foe was gath - ered in their pride, At York - town and on Glo's - ter height; But once a - gain,
though the boon was long de - ferred, They toiled, and hoped, and strug - gled still; At last it came,

p

mf *mf*

the pa - triot band A - woke, A - woke,
the morn - ing came, When triumph, When triumph,

p *f* *mf*

But once a - gain, the pa - triot band A - woke, A -
At last it came, the morn - ing came, When triumph, When

mf *f*

A - woke at Free - dom's call,..... At Free - dom's
It saw the ban - ners wave,..... It saw the ban - ners

f

woke at Free - dom's call,.....
triumph it saw the ban - ners wave,.....

mf

A - woke at Free - dom's call,
It saw the ban - ners wave,

call,..... To hear the lead - er's loved command, And vowed to
wave,..... May grat - i - tude, and last - ing fame For ev - er

mf

A - woke at Free - dom's call,..... To hear the lead - er's loved command, And vowed to
And saw the ban - ners wave;... May grat - i - tude, and last - ing fame For ev - er

FINE. *f* *Allegro Risoluto.*

win or fall. 2. "Free - men! strike an - oth - er blow! On - ward! let us meet the
cheer the brave. 3. "For our land let free - dom fight! For the high and sa - cred

win or fall.
cheer the brave. *f*

foe, Let us win for aye!..... 'Tis the fu - ture calls to - day! Let us
right! For the homes we love!..... For the a - ges com - ing on! For the

all the voice o - bey! Let us win or die!".....
long - ex - pect - ed dawn! And for Heaven a - bove!".....

{ Sing the third stanza from the S. after
{ which D. C. to FINE, for fourth stanza.

mf

LA FAYETTE.

W. O. B. G. H. C.

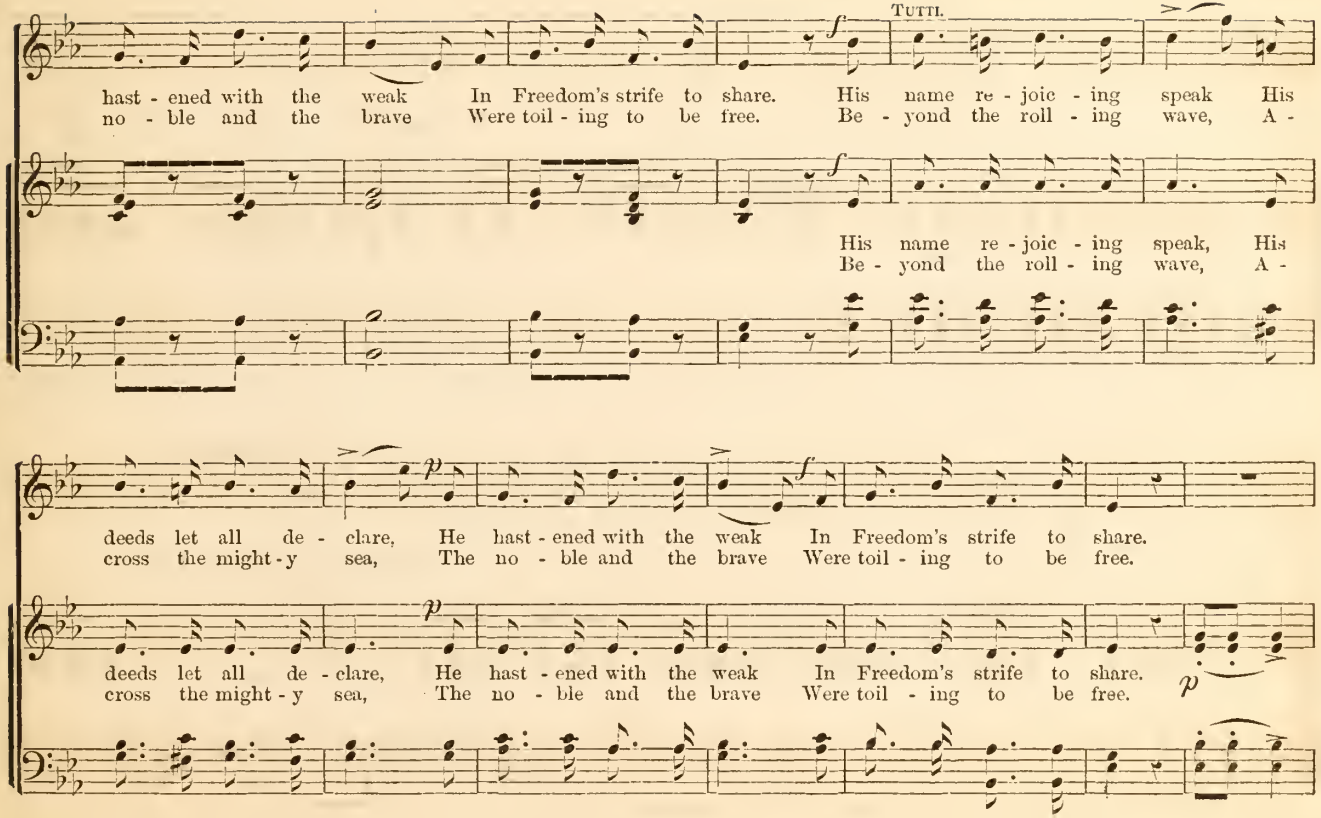
Allegretto. SOLO, OR SOLI. *f*

1. Keep bright the he - ro's name On truth's his - tor - ic page: And let his last - ing
2. His heart with ar - dor burned, And love's re - sist - less fire, While on the sea he

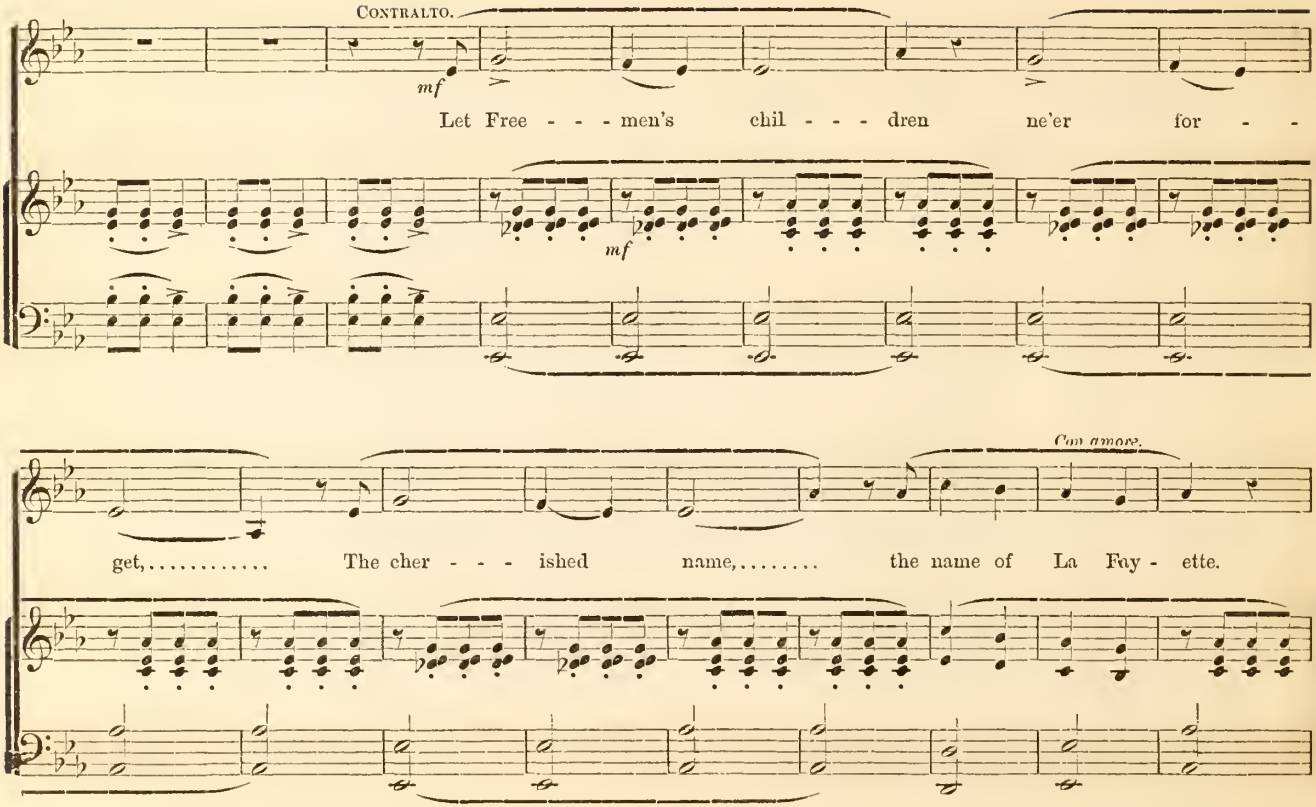
mf

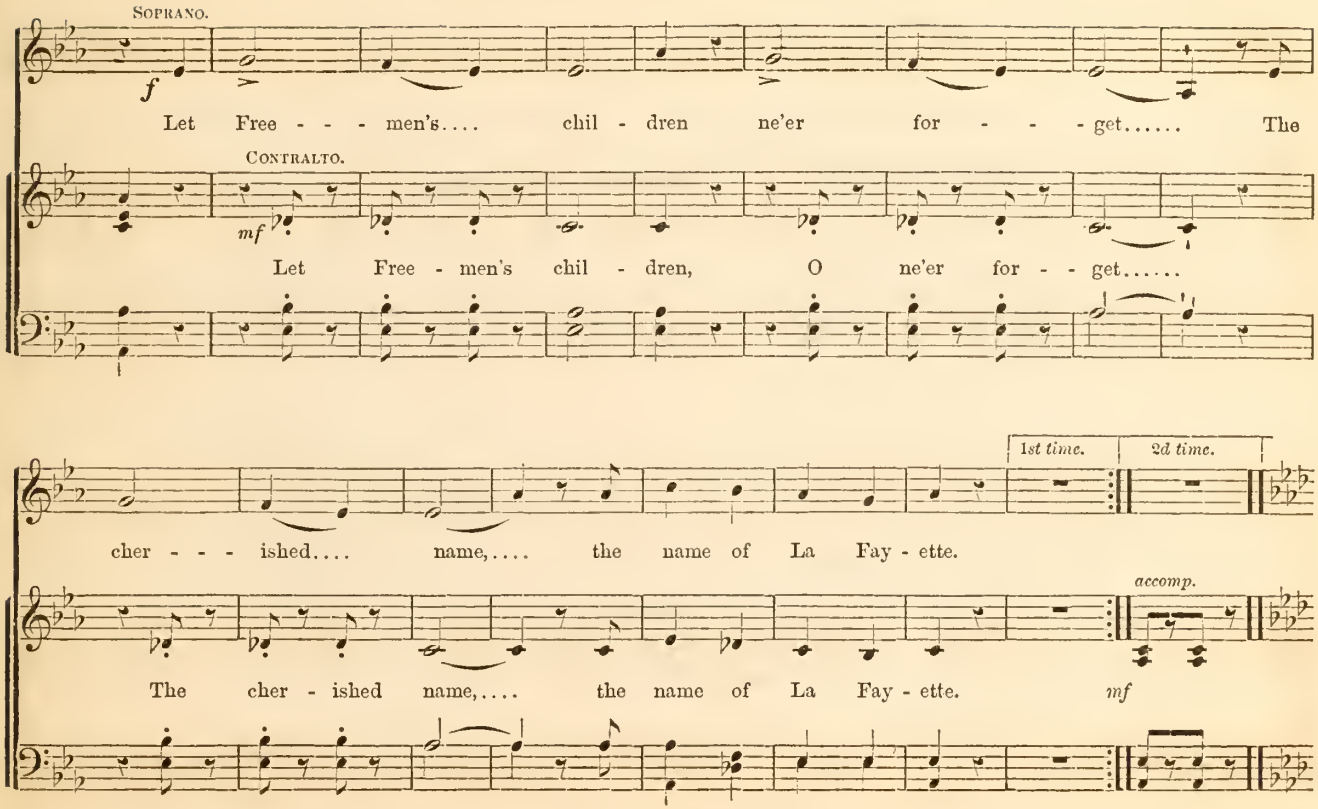
fame De - light each com - ing age; His name re - joic - ing speak, His deeds let all de - clare, He
turned His gaze with strong de - sire; Be - yond the roll - ing wave, A - cross the might-y sea, The

p

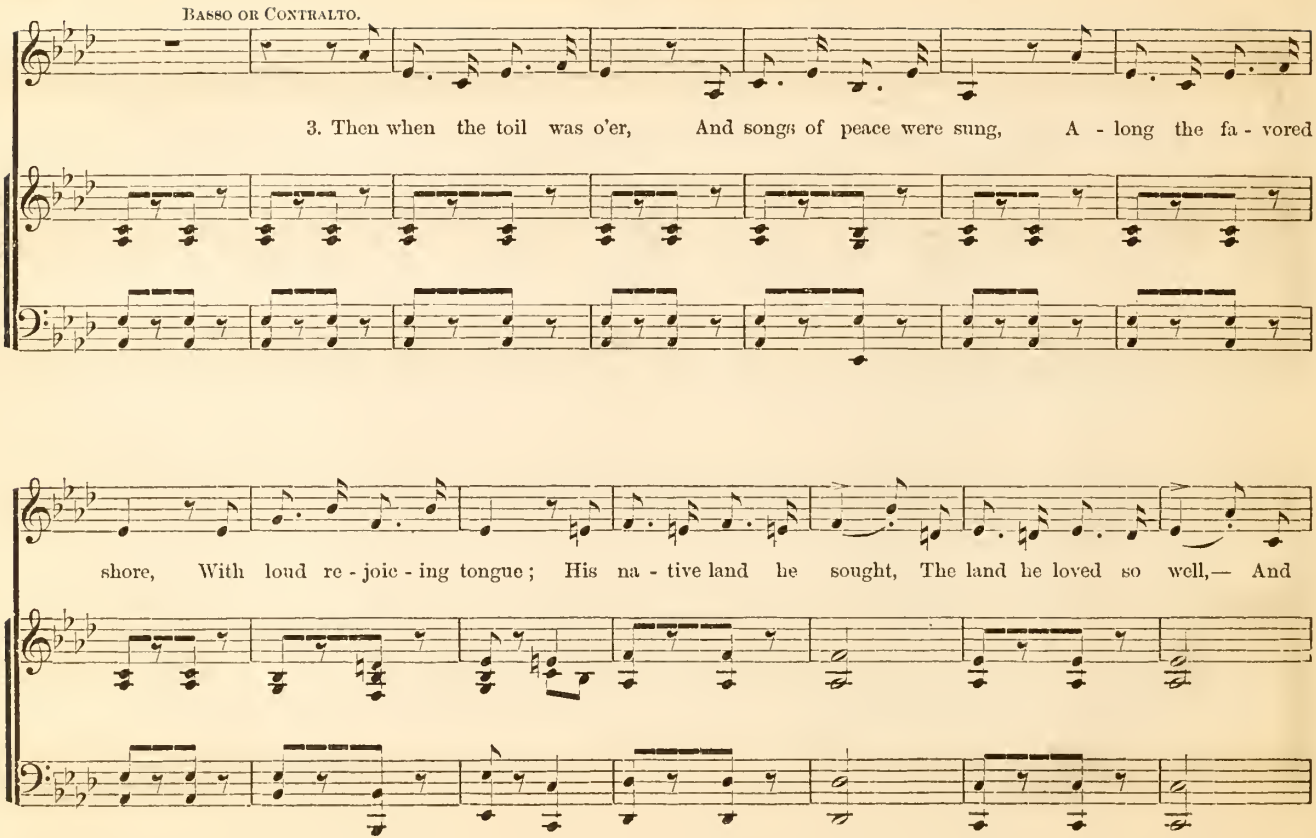

TUTTI.
hast - ened with the weak In Freedom's strife to share. His name re - joic - ing speak His
no - ble and the brave Were toil - ing to be free. Be - yond the roll - ing wave, A -
His name re - joic - ing speak, His
Be - yond the roll - ing wave, A -
deeds let all de - clare, He hast - ened with the weak In Freedom's strife to share.
cross the might - y sea, The no - ble and the brave Were toil - ing to be free.
deeds let all de - clare, He hast - ened with the weak In Freedom's strife to share.
cross the might - y sea, The no - ble and the brave Were toil - ing to be free.

LA FAYETTE. Continued.




Soprano.
f
Let Free - - - men's.... chil - dren ne'er for - - - get..... The
Contralto.
mf
Let Free - men's chil - dren, O ne'er for - - get.....
1st time.
2d time.
cher - - - ished.... name,.... the name of La Fay - ette.
accomp.
The cher - ished name,.... the name of La Fay - ette.
mf

LA FAYETTE. Continued.



poco rit. *mf* *A tempo.*

mil - lions sad - ly caught The part - ing word—fare-well! His na - tive land he sought, The

mf

His na - tive land he sought, The

p

land he loved so well, And mil - lions sad - ly caught The part - ing word—fare - well!

poco rit. *A tempo.*

p

land he loved so well, And mil - lions sad - ly caught The part - ing word—fare - well!

p

LA FAYETTE. Continued.

CONTRALTO.

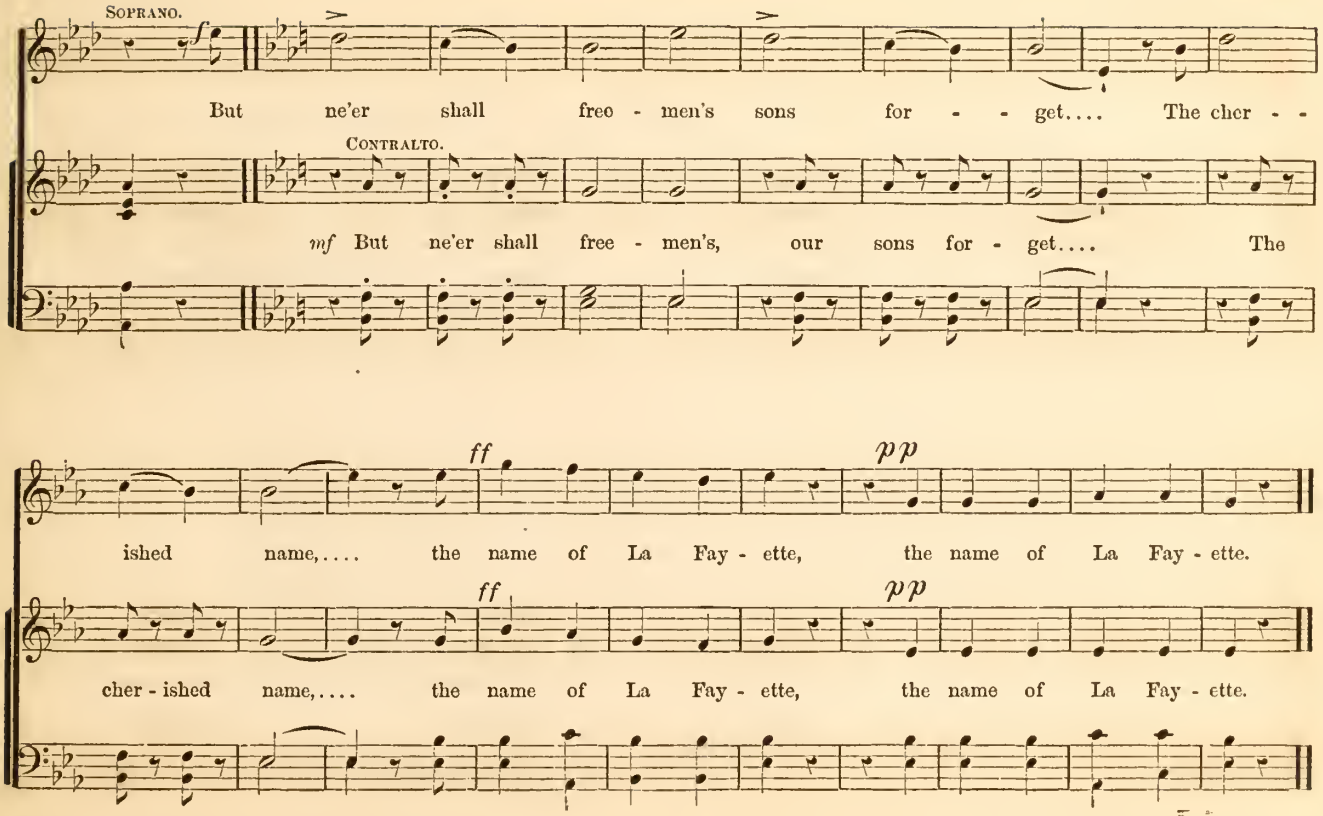
mf

But ne'er shall Free - - - men's sons for - -

mf *mf*

Con amore.

get,..... The cher - - - ished name,..... the name of La Fa - yette.


SOPRANO.
f
But ne'er shall free - men's sons for - - get.... The cher - -
CONTRALTO.
mf But ne'er shall free - men's, our sons for - get.... The
ff
pp
ished name,.... the name of La Fay - ette, the name of La Fay - ette.
ff
pp
cher - ished name,.... the name of La Fay - ette, the name of La Fay - ette.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

W. O. B.

G. H. C.

Andante maestoso.

mf

1. The line im - mor- tal on the page Of

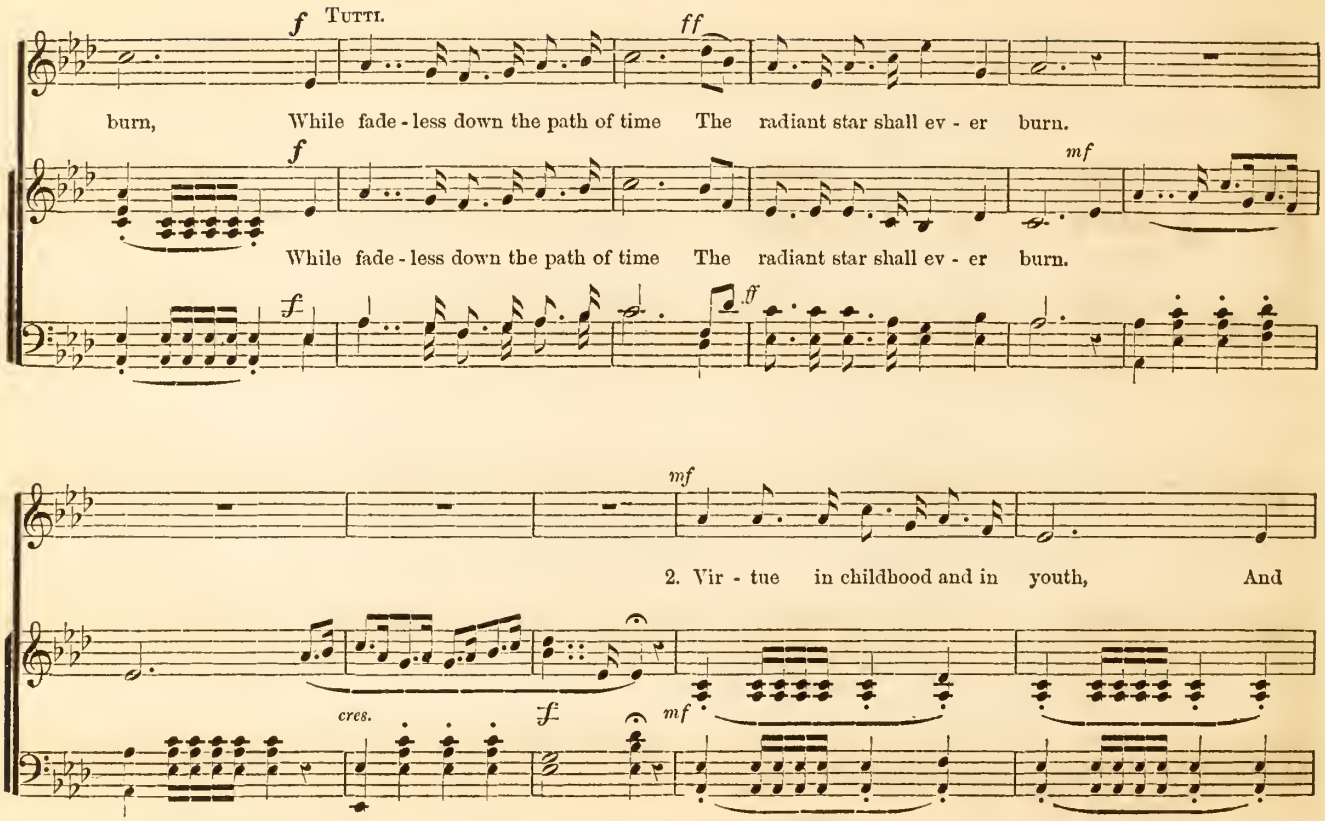
lus - - trous deeds in Freedom's name, Which peer - less shines in ev - ery age, Adds

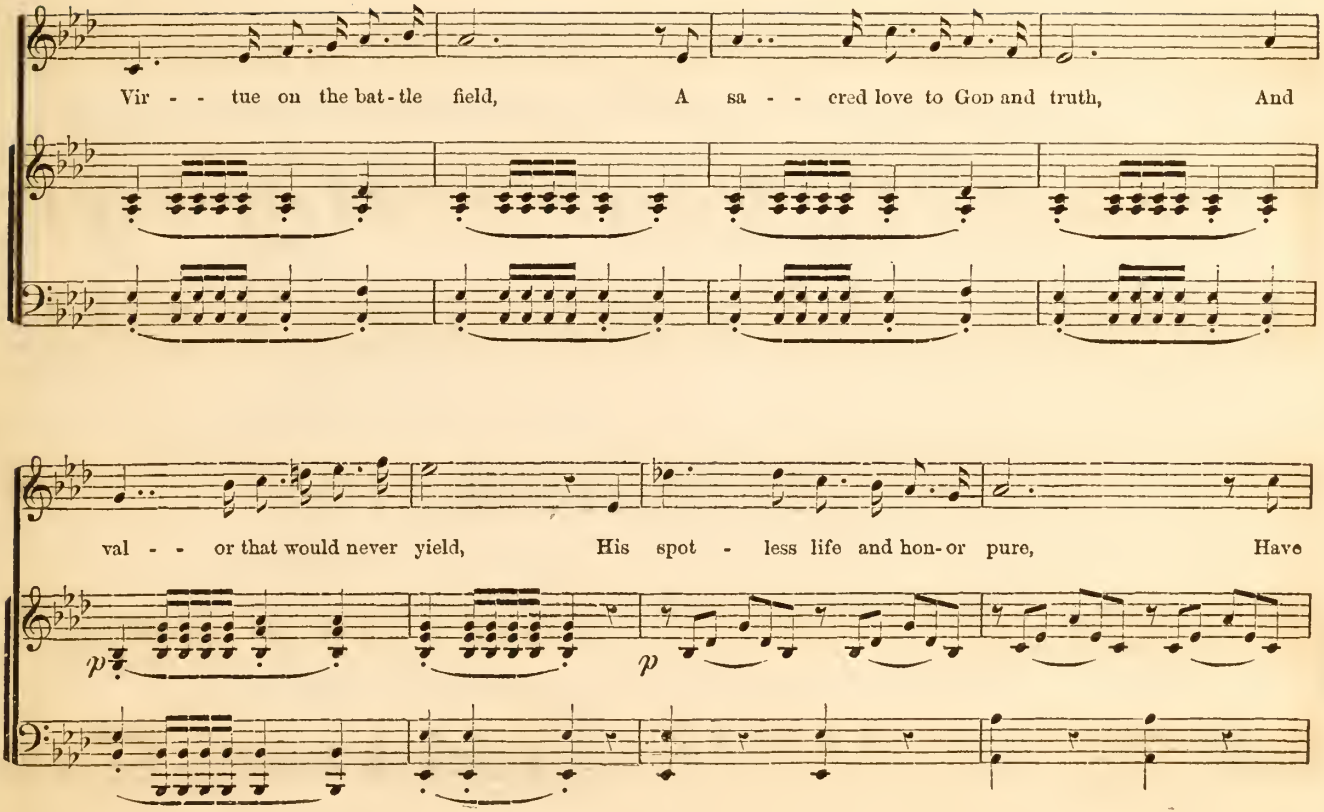
bright - er glo - ry to his fame; In mem' - ries of a life sub - lime, Shall

p *p*

millions thrill that name to learn; While fadeless down the path of time, The radiant star shall ev - er

cres. *f*


f
Tutti.
ff
burn, While fade - less down the path of time The radiant star shall ev - er burn.
f
mf
While fade - less down the path of time The radiant star shall ev - er burn.
f
ff
mf
2. Vir - tue in childhood and in youth, And
cres.
f
mf


Vir - - tue on the bat-tle field, A sa - - cred love to God and truth, And
val - - or that would never yield, His spot - less life and hon-or pure, Have
p
p

fame's un-dy - ing laurels won, And beaming, brighter shall endure The deathless name of Washing-

cres. *f*

f CHORUS OR TUTTI. *ff*

ton, And beam- ing brighter shall en- dure The deathless name of WASH - ING - TON.

f

And beam- ing brighter shall en- dure The deathless name of WASH - ING - TON.

f *ff*

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

Words by Geo. P. Morris. G. H. C.

Solo. *With energy.*

1. "A song for our Banner!" the watchword recall, Which gave the Re - pub - lic her station; "U - ni - ted we stand, di - vid - ed we fall, It made and preserves us a na - tion. The un - ion of lakes, the un - ion of lands, The un - ion of States none can sever! The un - ion of hearts, the un - ion of hands, And the Flag of our Union for - ev - er!

2. What God in His in - finite wisdom designed, And armed with His weapons of thunder, Not all the earth's despots and fac - tions combined Have the pow - er to conquer or sun-der.

Inst.

Chorus—*to each verse.*

cres. *ff*

PLYMOUTH ROCK. A. D. 1620.

W. O. B. G. H. C.

f *Andante con Moto.* *mf* *p* *cres.* *f*

1. "God with us!" on our troubled way, When darkening tempests lower and sweep, Beyond we see the peerless way, That
2. "God with us!" when the billows foam, And stir the ocean's snow - y crest, He will provide a free - er home, Where

And while on high.....
We will not fear.....

f *mf*

lights our path a - cross the deep; And while on high, We turn our watchful eye,
wea - ried pil - grims hope for rest; We will not fear, Faith whispers in our ear,

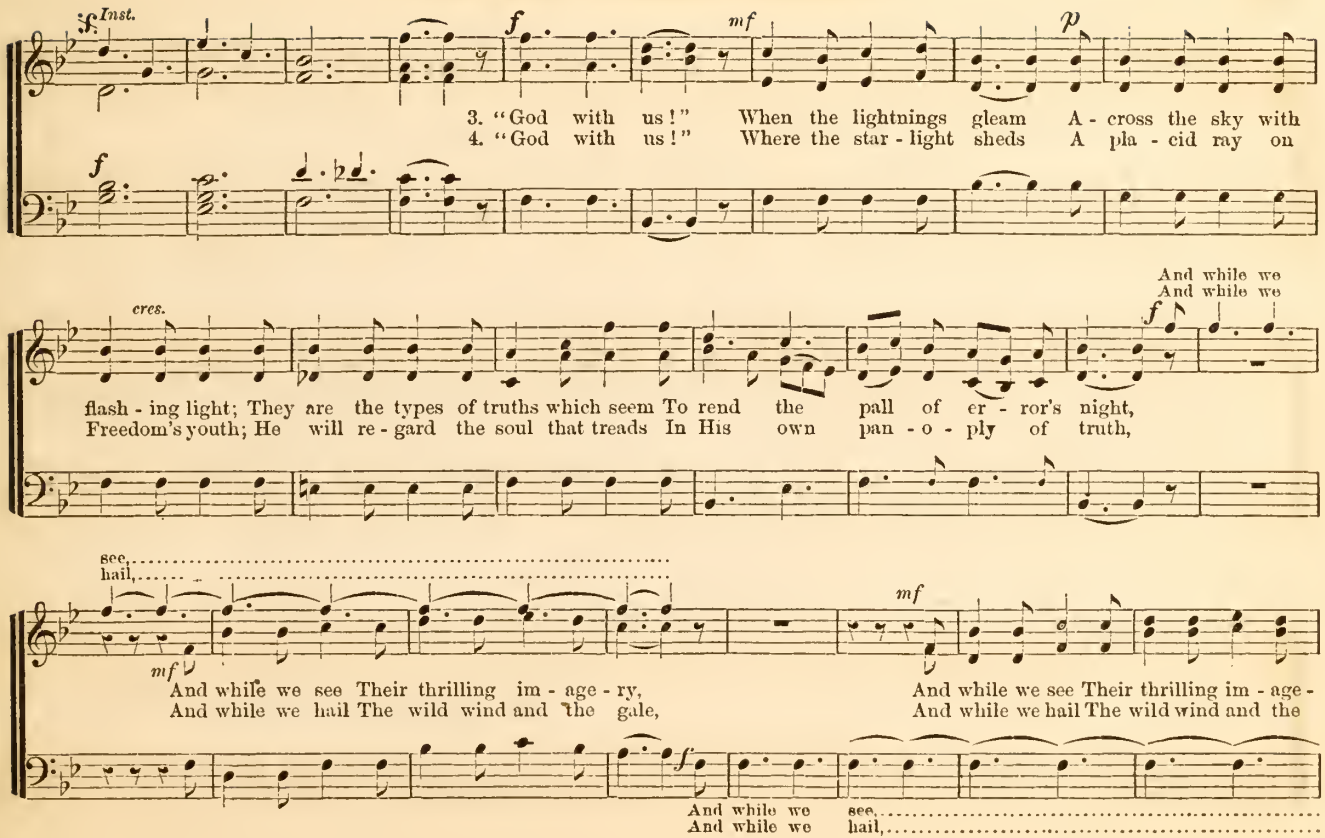
That lights our path a - cross the deep;
Where wearied pil - grims hope for rest;

And
We

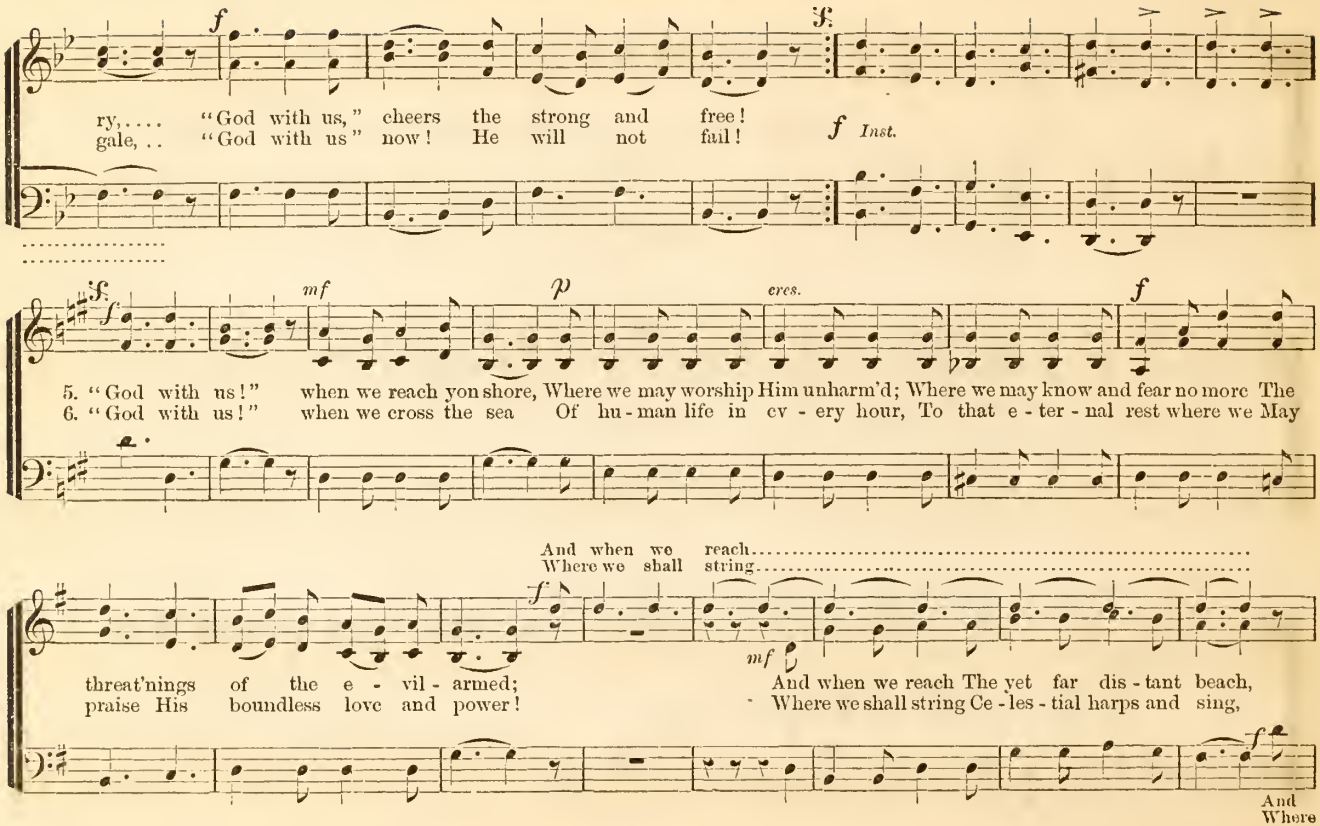
mf *f* *mf* *f*

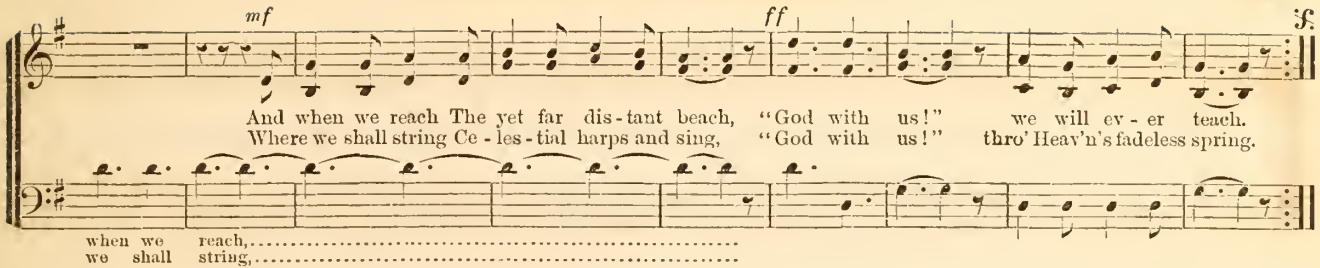
And while on high We turn our watchful eye, "God with us!" is our constant cry.
We will not fear, Faith whispers in our ear, "God with us" all, for ev - er.... near.

while on high,.....
will not fear,.....


Inst.
3. "God with us!" When the lightnings gleam A - cross the sky with
4. "God with us!" Where the star - light sheds A pla - cid ray on
cres.
And while we
And while we
flash - ing light; They are the types of truths which seem To rend the pall of er - ror's night,
Freedom's youth; He will re - gard the soul that treads In His own pan - o - ply of truth,
see,
hail,
And while we see Their thrilling im - age - ry,
And while we hail The wild wind and the gale,
And while we see Their thrilling im - age -
And while we hail The wild wind and the
And while we see,
And while we hail,

PLYMOUTH ROCK. Continued.

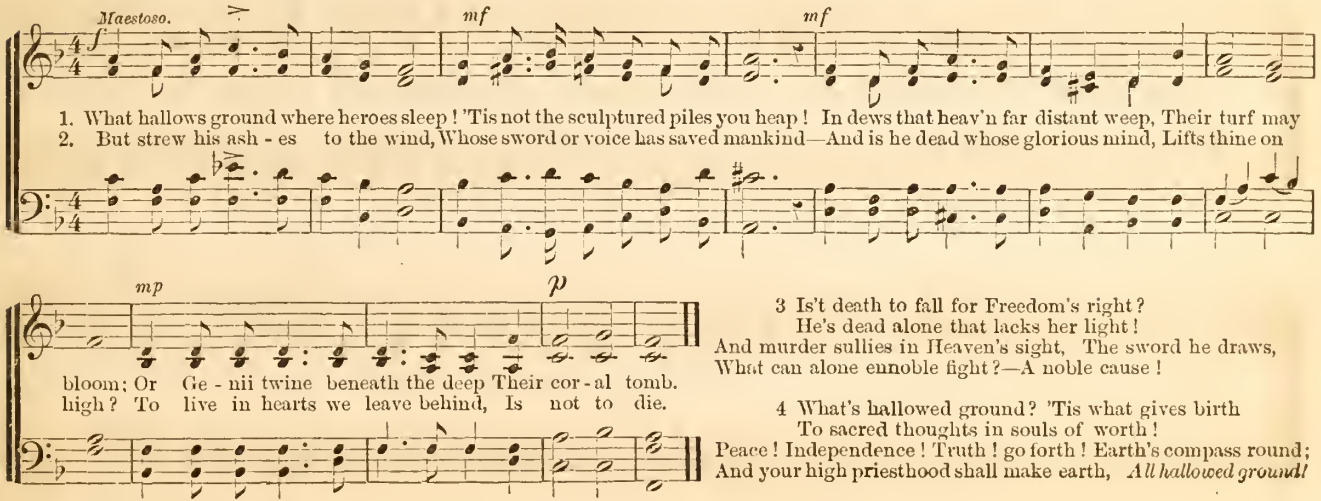




Words by Thomas Campbell.

HALLOWED GROUND.

Paul Ferrar, by per.



3 Is't death to fall for Freedom's right?
He's dead alone that lacks her light!
And murder sullies in Heaven's sight, The sword he draws,
What can alone ennoble fight?—A noble cause!

4 What's hallowed ground? 'Tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!
Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth! Earth's compass round;
And your high priesthood shall make earth, *All hallowed ground!*

COLUMBUS. A. D. 1492.

W. O. B. G. H. C.

Andante maestoso.

CONTRALTO OR BASSO.

mf

Be - neath Oc - to - ber's star - ry sky Co - lumbus saw the welcome shore, And joy - ous heard the sail - or cry, "Land!

f CHORUS. *mf* *f*

Land!" It was San Sal - va - dor. San Sal - va - dor! San Sal - va - dor! The beau - ti - ful shore of San Sal - va - dor! San

mf

mf *mf* SOP.

Sal - va - dor! San Sal - va - dor! The beau - ti - ful shore of San Sal - va - dor. *f* Land

mf

for the wea - ry sailor's feet ! Land for the gladdened pilgrim's rest ! Where vales and hills like gardens greet The wanderers on

f CHORUS. *mf* *f*

ocean's breast. Oc - to - ber the twelfth they stepped on the shore, The beautiful shore of San Sal - va - dor, Oc - tober the twelfth they

f *mf*

mf *p* DUET.

stepped on the shore, The beautiful shore of San Sal - va - dor. *f* With grate - ful hearts they knelt, and

mf

paid Their sac - ri - fice of love to God, And at the cross they hum - bly prayed, And kiss'd the earth they

f CHORUS. *mf* *f*

joy - ous trod. In fourteen hundred and nine-ty two, They stepped on the shore of San Sal - va - dor, In

mf

mf *mf* SOLO.

four-teen hundred and nine - ty two, They stepped on the shore of San Sal - va - dor. *f* To

mf

Fer - di - nand, the roy - al friend, And Is - a - bel, his lov - ing queen, The voy - a - gers re - turned to bend, With

f CHORUS. *mf* *f*

trophies of the western scene. To Ferdinand, king, and Isabel, queen, They came from the shore of San Salvador; To Ferdinand, king, and

mf

pp *ff*

Is - a - bel, queen, They came from the shore of San Sal - va - dor, San Sal - va - dor! San Sal - va - dor!

POCAHONTAS.

W. O. B. G. H. C.

Andante Risoluto.

BASSO OR BARITONE, OR CONTRALTO.

p tutti.

1. On the ground the cap - tive he - ro Calm - ly ly - ing, wait-ed long, Calm - ly ly - ing, wait - ed long:
2. Then he went toward the he - ro Who was calm - ly wait- ing there, Who was calm- ly wait - ing there,

f *mf*

p tutti.

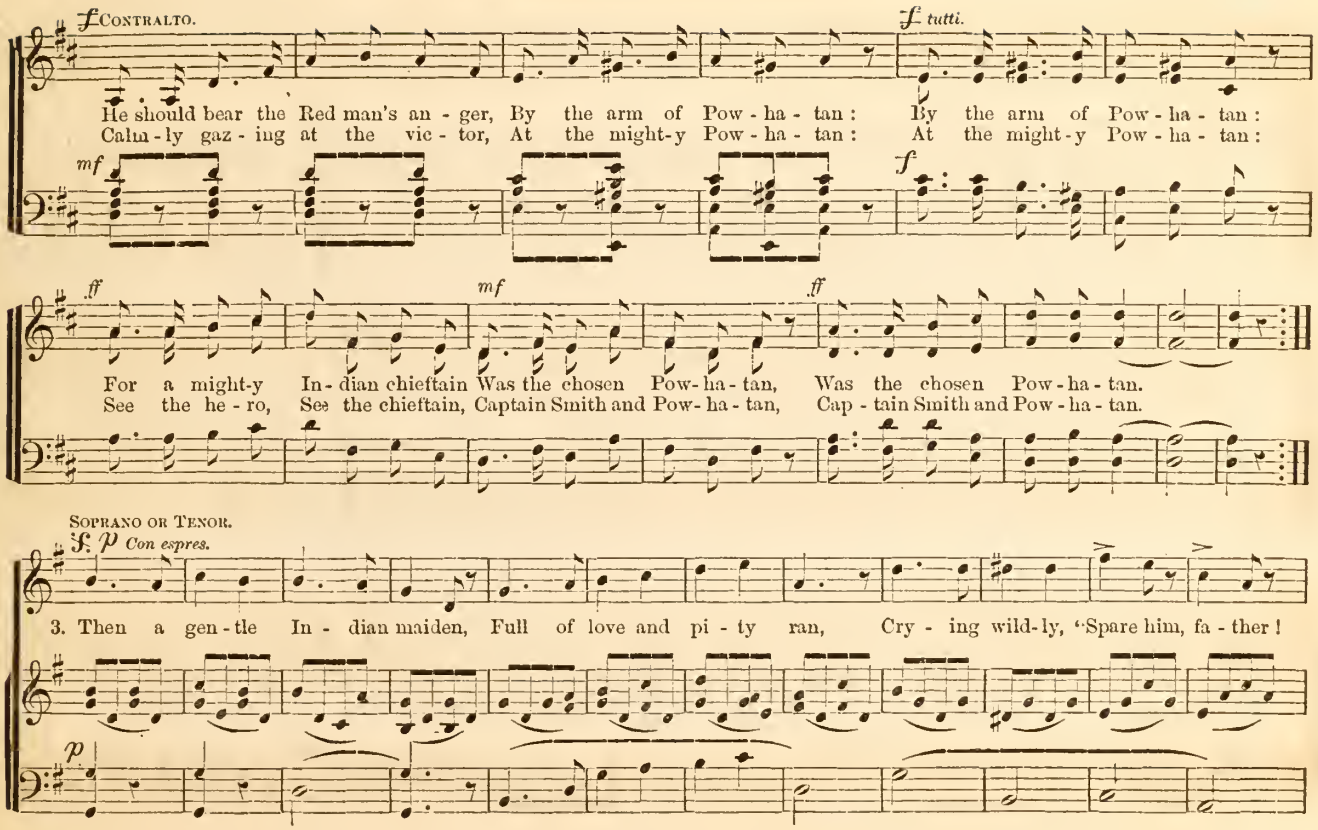
While the dark and sav - age chieftain Gather'd round the swarthy throng, Gather'd round the swarthy throng;
Tho' he saw the sav - age chieftain With the war - club raised in air, With the war - club raised in air;

f

f CONTRALTO. *mf tutti.*

An - gry eyes were fierce and flash - ing, Vengeance thro' their ac - cents ran, Vengeance thro' their ac - cents ran,
See the brawny arm up - lift - ed, See the brave, but cap - tive man! See the brave but cap - tive man,

f *mf*


f Contralto.
f tutti.
He should bear the Red man's an - ger, By the arm of Pow - ha - tan : By the arm of Pow - ha - tan :
Calm - ly gaz - ing at the vic - tor, At the might - y Pow - ha - tan : At the might - y Pow - ha - tan :
mf
f
ff
mf
ff
For a might - y In - dian chieftain Was the chosen Pow - ha - tan, Was the chosen Pow - ha - tan.
See the he - ro, See the chieftain, Captain Smith and Pow - ha - tan, Cap - tain Smith and Pow - ha - tan.
Soprano or Tenor.
f p Con espres.
3. Then a gen - tle In - dian maiden, Full of love and pi - ty ran, Cry - ing wild - ly, "Spare him, fa - ther !
p

Spare him, mighty Pow - ha - tan!

p ALTO.

And she knelt to shield the he - ro, And the chieftain's arm was

Cres. *f* *p* *Cres.* *f*

stayed, For the dark and gloomy captors Pardon'd when the maiden prayed, Pardon'd when the maiden prayed, "Spare the white man!"

f 1st time. 2d time. TUTTI. *Tempo primo Risoluto.* *ff*

"Spare the white man!" And the captive English he - ro Found a friend in Powhatan, Found a friend in Powhatan.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

PAUL FERRAR, by per.

Vivace. *f*

1. Our band is few, but true and tried, Our leader frank and bold; The Brit-ish soldier trem - bles When Mar - i - on's name is
2. Well knows the fair and friendly moon The band that Marion leads—The glit - ter of their ri - fles, The scampering of their
3. Grave men there are by broad Santee, Grave men with hoary hairs, Their hearts are all with Marion, For Mar - i - on are their

mf *p* *f*

told. Our fortress is the good greenwood, Our tent the cypress tree; We know the forest round us As sea - men know the
steeds. 'Tis life to guide the fier - y barb A - cross the moonlight plain; 'Tis life to feel the nightwind That lifts its toss - ing
pray'rs. And love - ly la - dies greet our band With kindliest welcoming, With smiles like those of summer, And tears like those of

f *p* *f* *p*

sea. We know its walls of thorny vines, Its glades of reedy grass, Its safe and si - lent islands Within the dark morass.
mane. A moment in the British camp—A moment and a - way, Back to the pathless for - est, Before the peep of day.
spring. For them we wear these trusty arms, And lay them down no more Till we have driv'n the Briton For-ev - er from our shore.

FLAG OF THE FREE.

Words and Music by Harrison Millard, by per.

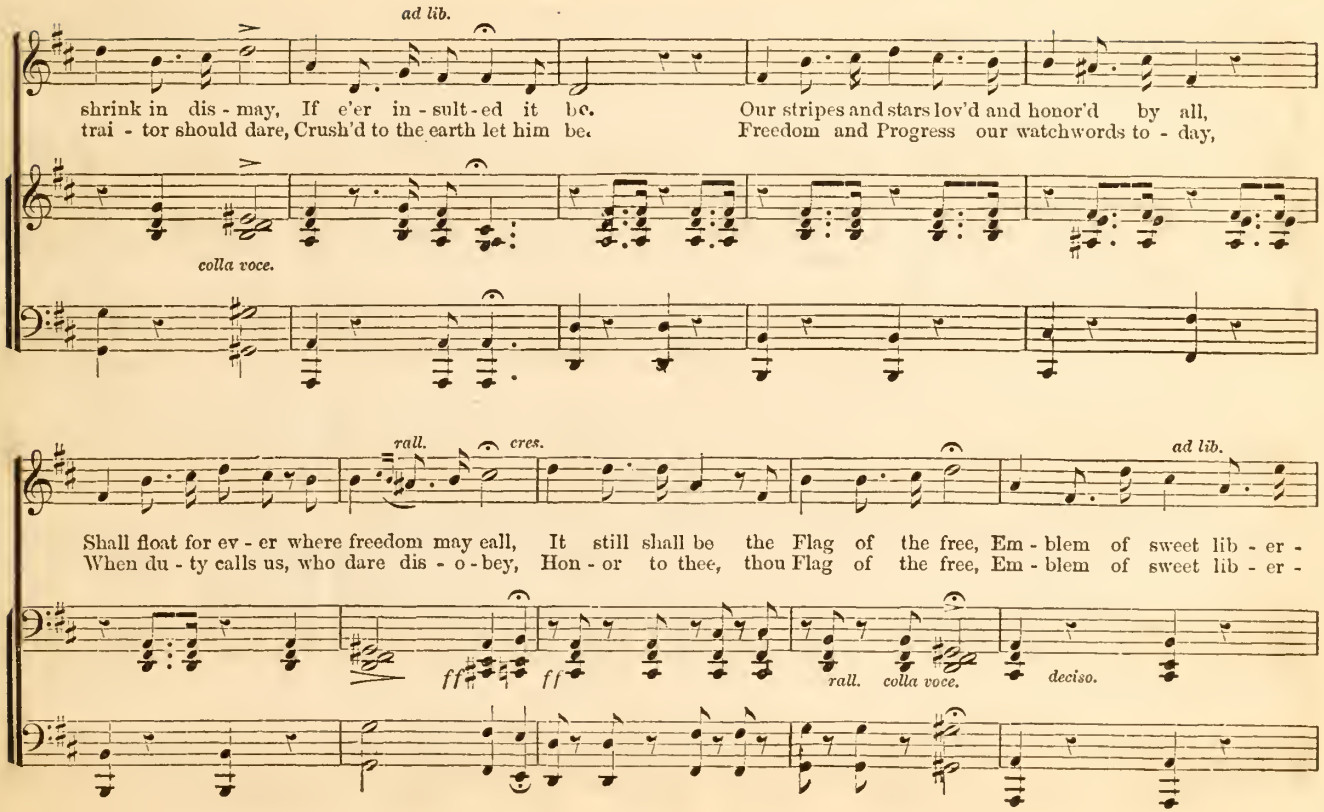
Con Vigore marziale.

f Marcato. *cres.* *brillante.*

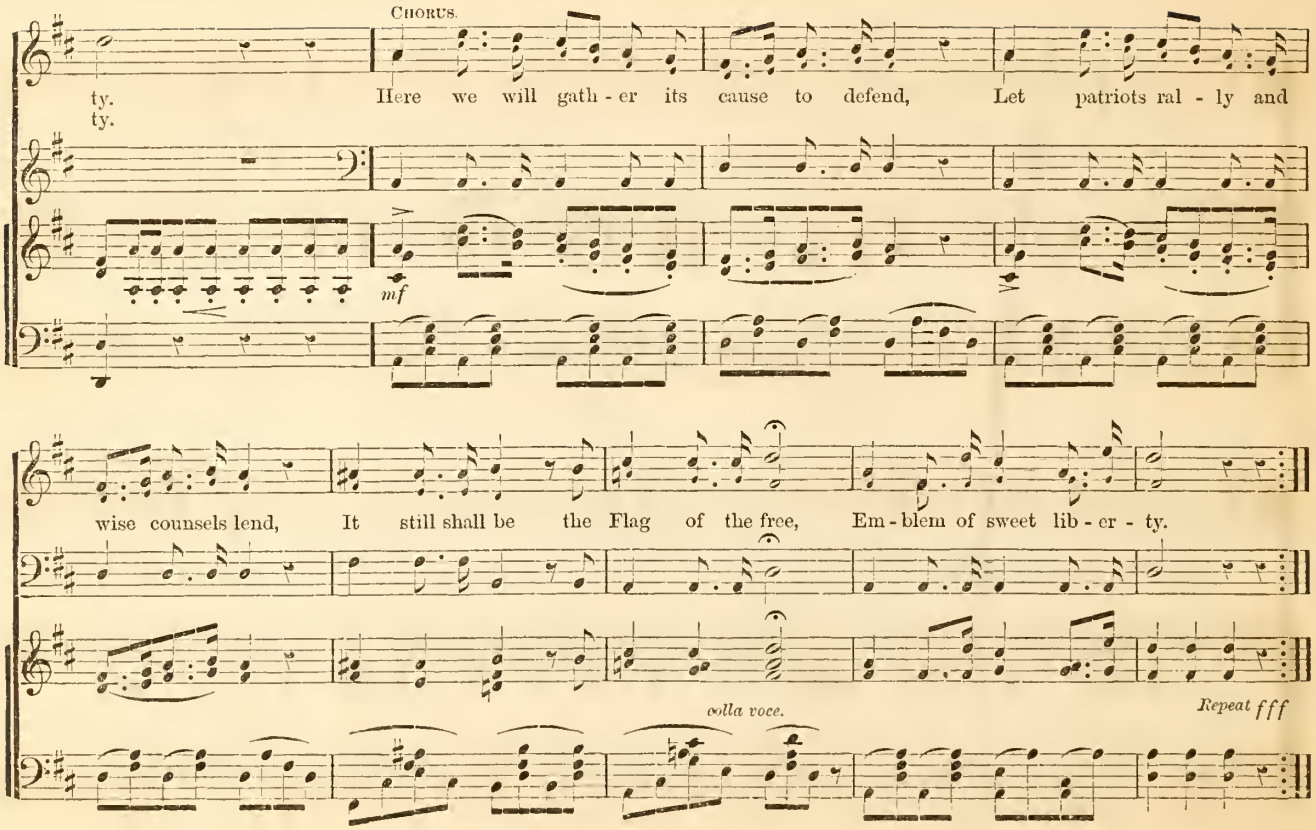
Con Energia.

1. No-bly our Flag flutters o'er us to-day, Emblem of peace, pledge of Liberty's sway, Its foes shall tremble and
2. With it in beau-ty no Flag can compare, All nations hon-or our banner so fair, If to insult it a

deciso. *mf* *cres.*


ad lib.
shrink in dis - may, If e'er in - sult - ed it be.
trai - tor should dare, Crush'd to the earth let him be.
Our stripes and stars lov'd and honor'd by all,
Freedom and Progress our watchwords to - day,
colla voce.
rall.
cres.
ad lib.
Shall float for ev - er where freedom may call, It still shall be the Flag of the free, Em - blem of sweet lib - er -
When du - ty calls us, who dare dis - o - bey, Hon - or to thee, thou Flag of the free, Em - blem of sweet lib - er -
ff
ff
rall.
colla voce.
deciso.

FLAG OF THE FREE. Concluded.



MY OWN NATIVE LAND.

Wm. B. Bradbury, by per.

Andante.

1. I've roamed over mountain, I've crossed o - ver flood, I've traversed the wave-rolling sand; Tho' the fields were as green, and the moon shone as bright, Yet it was not my own na - tive land.
2. The right hand of friendship how oft have I grasped, And bright eyes have smiled and looked bland; Yet happier far were the hours that I passed In the west—in my own na - tive land.
3. Then hail, dear Colum - bia, the land that we love, Where flourish - es Lib - er - ty's tree; 'Tis the birth-place of Freedom, our own na - tive home, 'Tis the land, 'tis the land of the free.

Chorus.

No, no, no, no, no, no, Tho' the fields were as green, and the moon shone as bright, Yet it was not my own na - tive land.
Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, Yet hap - pi - er far were the hours that I passed, In the west—in my own na - tive land.
Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, 'Tis the birth-place of Freedom, our own native land, 'Tis the land, 'tis the land of the free.

No, no, no, no, no, no,
Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes,
Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes,

WHERE LIBERTY DWELLS, THERE IS MY COUNTRY.

Words and Music by Rev. G. S. Plumley, by per. of Horace Waters & Son.

Allegro Marziale. *(Commence and end each verse with the first four lines.)*

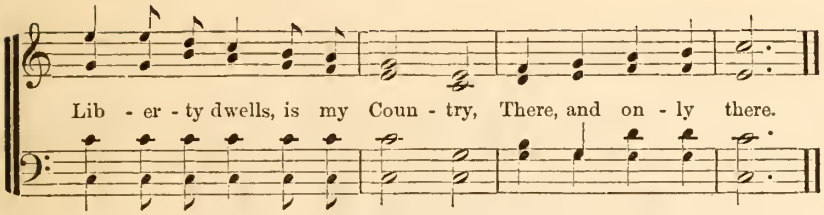
1. Where Lib - er - ty dwells, is my Coun - try, There, on - ly there, there, only there, Where Liber - ty dwells, is my Coun - try,

There, and on - ly there. Tho' storms should howl around her, And skies be o - ver - cast; And the good ship seem just to foun - der, Still, boys, we give to the blast. Where Lib-er - ty dwells, is my Coun - try, There, on-ly there, there, only there, Where

2. The land we will de - fend her, While floats our flag on high; And our mot - to is "nev - er sur - render," Fight till we conquer or die.

3. That star spent flag once covered Our Wash - ington, the blest; That ea - gle vic - torious has hov - ered Long o'er our bravest and best.

Chorus. *ff* *mf* *ff*

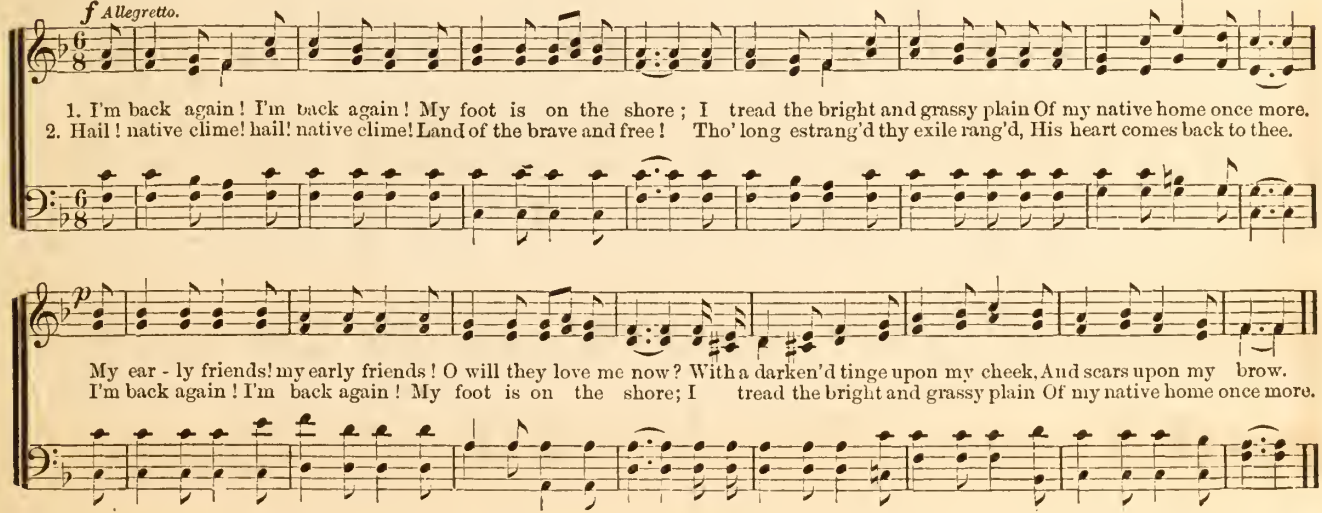


4 And know there's One who never
Bids a good cause go down;
God reigns and his favor is ever
With us, with his foes, his frown. *Cho,*

5 Sing then, bid those who love us
Join in our song so free;
The heavens are smiling above us,
Success, Peace and Liberty. *Cho.*

MY NATIVE HOME.

Words by Eliza Cook. G. H. C.



THE FAVORITE LIBERTY SONG.

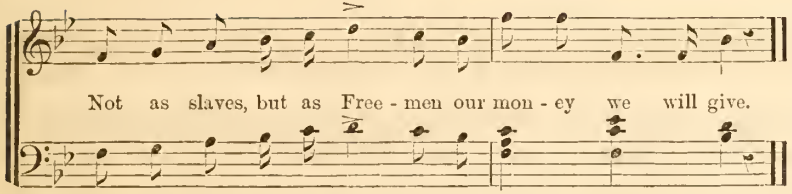
From "Ye Ancient Almanack." A. D. 1769.

f *Maestoso.*

1. Come, join hand in hand, brave A - mer - i - cans all, And rouse your bold hearts at fair Lib - er - ty's call; No ty - ran - nous acts shall suppress your just claim, Or stain with dis - hon - or A - mer - i - ca's name.
2. Our wor - thy fore - fa - thers, let's give them a cheer, To climates unknown did courage - ous - ly steer, Thro' o - ceans to des - erts for free - dom they came, And dy - ing be - queathed us their free - dom and fame.
3. Their gen - er - ous bo - soms all dan - ger de - spised, So high - ly, so wise - ly their birthright they priz'd; We'll keep what they gave, we will pi - ous - ly keep, Nor frus - trate their toils on the land and the deep.
4. The tree, their own hands had to Lib - er - ty reared, They lived to be - hold growing strong and re - vered; With trans - port they cried, "now our wish - es we gain, For our chil - dren shall gath - er the fruits of our pain.

CHORUS.

mf In Free - dom we're born, And in Free - dom we'll live, Our pur - ses are read - y,— Steady, friends, steady!



5 Swarms of placemen, and pensioners soon will appear,
Like locusts, deforming the charms of the year;
Suns vainly will rise, showers vainly descend,
If we are to drudge for what others will spend. *Cho.*

6 Then join hand in hand, brave Americans all;
By uniting we stand; by dividing we fall;
In so righteous a cause let us hope to succeed,
For Heaven approves of each generous deed. *Cho.*

Rev. George W. Bethune, D. D. **"GOD FOR OUR NATIVE LAND."** G. H. C.

p Maestoso. *mf*

1. God's blessing be up - on Our own, our native land! The land our fathers won, By the strong heart and hand, The keen axe and the
2. To none up - on a throne But God we bend the knee; No no - ble name we own, But noble lib - er - ty, Ours is a brother
3. Up with the star - ry sign, The red stripes and the white, Where'er its glories shine, In peace or in the fight, We own its high com-
4. A - mer - i - ca, to thee, In one u - nit - ed vow, To keep thee strong and free, And glorious as now, We pledge each heart and

mf Cres. *f* *ff*

brand; When they fell'd the forest's pride, And the ty - rant foe de - fied. The free, the rich, the wide: God for our na - tive land!
band; For the spir - it of our sires, Each pa - tri - ot bo - som fires, And the strong faith inspires: God for our na - tive land!
mand. For the flag of our fathers gave, O'er our children's heads shall wave, And their children's children's grave: God for our native land!
hand, By the blood our fathers shed! By the ash - es of the dead! By the sacred soil we tread! God for our na - tive land!

THE UNION SONG.

W. O. B.

PAUL FERRAR, by per.

f *Gaily.*

1. Boys and girls are all for union, North and South, and East and West; All the States in loved communion, Heart and hand, with free - dom blest.
2. We will love our land for ev - er, Dear - est land be - neath the sun; Foemen's steel shall not dissever Youthful hearts that now are one.
3. We are all a band of brothers, All the States are sis - ters too, And in time there will be oth - ers That shall hap - py vows re - new.

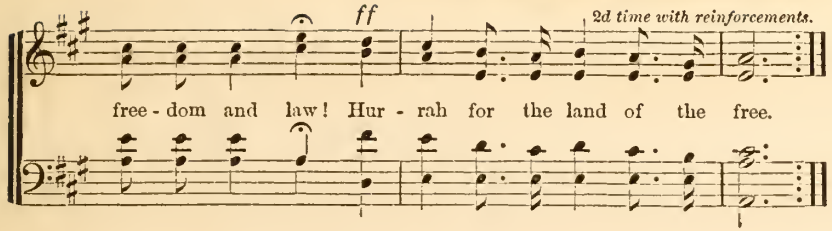
f

ff CHORUS.

mf

Then join in a loud hur - rah! Hur - rah for the land of the free! For Union and peace, for

THE UNION SONG. Concluded.

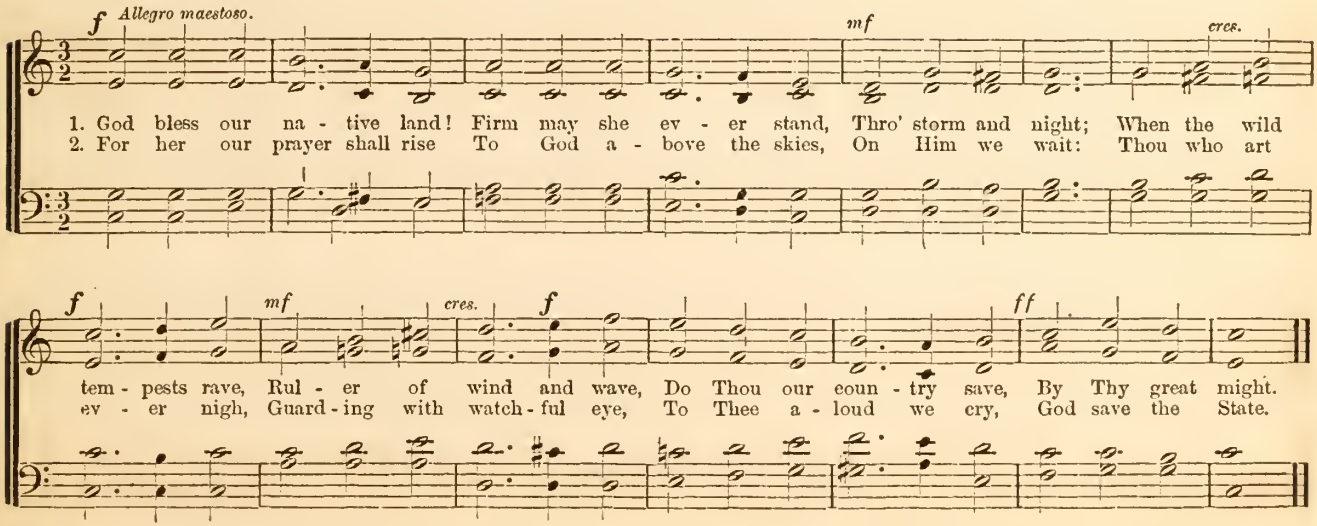


4 Let the hopeful words be spoken,
On the wings of promise borne:
Never shall the links be broken,
Never shall the flag be torn. *Cho.*

5 Union now and union ever!
Boys and girls for union all!
We will keep it safe, and never,
Shall our glorious Union fall. *Cho.*

GOD SAVE AMERICA.

Words by John S. Dwight. G. H. C.



SAIL ON, THOU SHIP OF STATE.

Words by Henry W. Longfellow. G. H. C.

Maestoso.

Sail on, sail on, thou Ship of state, Sail on, O un - ion strong and great, Hu - man - i - ty, with

dim. *p* *poco a poco.* *cres.*

all its fears, Is hanging breathless on thy fate. { We know what master laid thy keel, What workman wrought thy
{ Fear not the sudden sound and shock, 'Tis of the wave and

molto. *cres.*

ribs of steel, Who made each mast, each sail, each rope; What an - vils rang, what hammers beat; In what a forge, and
not the rock; 'Tis but the flap - ping of the sail, And not a rent made by the gale! In spite of rock and

ff

what a heat Were shaped the an - chors of thy hope!
tempest's roar, In spite of false lights on the shore,

Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea, Our

f *rit.* *dim.* *mf*

hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears, Our faith tri - umphant o'er our fears, Are all with thee, are all with thee!

JOEL BARLOW.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

DR. T. A. ARNE.

1. In Thee, Great God! with songs of praise Our favor'd realms rejoice; And, blest with thy salvation, raise To heav'n their cheerful voice.
2. In deep distress, our injur'd land Implor'd Thy pow'r to save; For life we pray'd—Thy bounteous hand The timely blessing gave.
3. On Thee, in want, in woe and pain, Our hearts alone re - ly; Our rights Thy mercy will maintain, And all our wants supply.
4. Thus, Lord! thy wond'rous pow'r declare, And still exalt thy fame; While we glad songs of praise prepare For Thine Almighty name.

KEEP STEP TO THE MUSIC OF UNION.

Wm. Ross Wallace.

Geo. F. Bristow, by per. S. T. Gordon & Sons.

Allegro Marziale.

1. Keep step with the mu - sic of Un - ion, The mu - sic our an - ces - tors sung, When the States like a ju - bi - lant
2. Keep step with the mu - sic of Un - ion, What grandeur its flag has un - roll'd— For the loy - al a heav - en-wove
3. Keep step with the mu - sic of Un - ion, The mu - sic of Lib - er - ty, Right; Singing na - tions by *broth - er - hood*

mf

cho - rus, To glo - ri - ous sis - ter-hood sprung! O thus shall their great consti - tu - tion, That guards all the homes, all the
rain - bow, For traitors a storm in each fold! The glo - ri - ous shade of Mount Ver - non Still points to each patriot's, each
on - ly Are bannered with honor and might. Then hurrah for the Past with its glory! For the strong, earnest Present, the

Rit. *tempo 1mo.*

homes of the land, A moun - tain of Free - dom and jus - tice, For mil - lions e - ter - nally stand, While we
pa - tri - ot's grave, Still cries o'er the long might - y a - ges That Ea - gle of Lex - ington wave! While, &c.
Pres - ent hurrah! And a cheer for the star - ry - known Fu - ture With Freedom, and Vir - tue and Law. While, &c.

tempo 1mo.

step to the mu - sic of Un - ion, *One* ban - ner alone o'er the sod, *One* voice from A - mer - i - ca

CHORUS.

swell - ing In worship of Lib - er - ty's God, While we step to the mu - sic of Un - ion, One

ban - ner a - lone o'er the sod,—One voice from A - mer - i - ca swell - ing, In worship of Lib - er - ty's God.

THE MEN OF '76.

Geo. Cooper. Harrison Millard, by per.

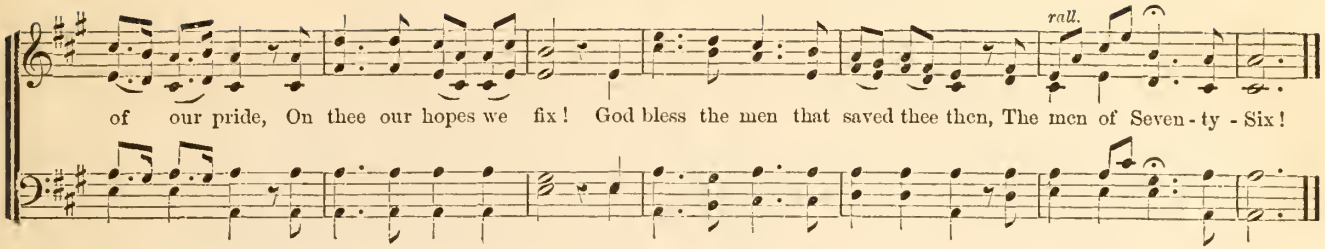
Con vigore marziale.

1. Our song re - new. for men so true, The li - on hearts of old! While time shall be, on
2. What heart would yield of Con - cord's field, One tithe of peer - less fame? On Lex - ing - ton where
3. Once more we go to meet the foe, With Al - len-- heart of gold! With Put - nam true, and

land and sea, The sto - ry shall be told. Still, still we hear, deathless and clear, Our Warren's no - ble
Free - dom's sun Shone forth with quenchless flame? What soul but thrills, what eye but fills, At deeds of glo - ry
Mar - ion too, We love the days of old. Sue - cess to thee, Land of the free, And may thy sons to -

rit. *ad lib.* Chorus.

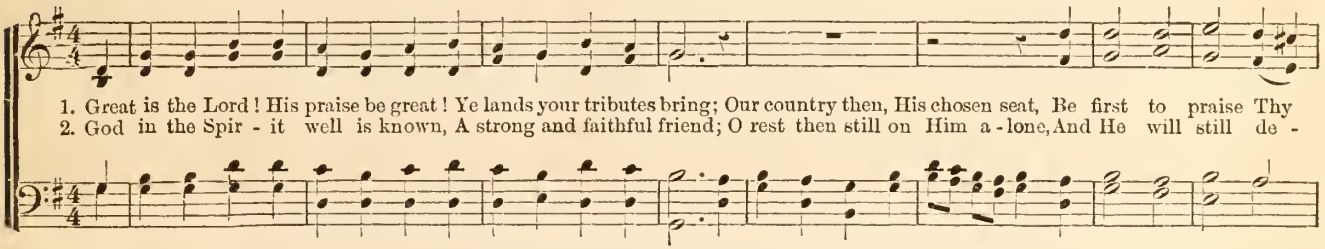
cry;..... "For Free - dom grand, for na - tive land, 'Tis sweet, 'tis sweet to die!" O side by side, Flag
done?..... Can we for - get, till stars shall set, The name of Washing - ton?
day,..... With Freedom's thrill re - mem - ber still Thy He - roes pass'd a - way!

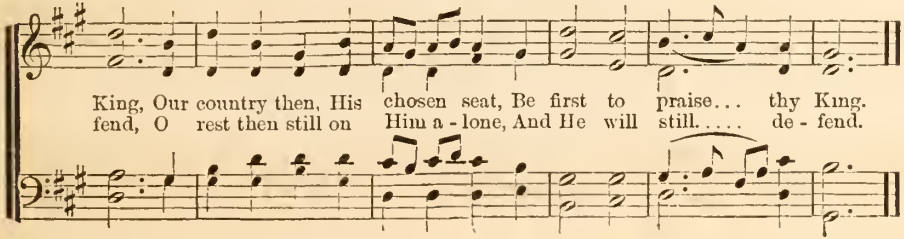


Rev. Henry Francis Lyte.

CORONATION. C. M.

Oliver Holden. (1756—1831), 1793.





3 Here in Thy courts again we stand,
Thy face, O Lord, to see;
||: Soon let it shine on every hand,
And win all hearts to Thee. :||

4 But still our country be Thy choice;
Still walk around her towers;
||: Still let her sons in Thee rejoice,
And cry "the Lord is ours. :||

SOUND, SOUND THE TRUMP OF LIBERTY.

G. H. C.

BELLINI.

Allegro Marziale.

f

1. Sound, sound the trump of Lib - er - ty! The gath'ring na - tions are at - tend - ing; Soon shall the cho - rus
2. Sound, sound the trump of Lib - er - ty! And let th' im - prisoned conscience hear it! Till ev - 'ry hu - man

FINE. *mf*

of the Free New hope, new joy a - far be send - ing. Pause not, nor lin - ger in the race, Till
eye shall see, And know the truth and nev - er fear.... it! So shall our hearts re - spond for aye To

D. C.

our bold ea - gles ev - 'ry-where Shall pierce the darkness on the face Of earth with a di - vin - er air.
calls for sorrowing sym - pa - thy; Nor let one sad soul will - ing - ly Des - pair of high - er life and die.

RALLY OF THE REGIMENT.

G. H. C.

DONIZETTI.

Allegro Marziale.

1st. 2d.

1. See, see my com - rades, Where - e'er we go, Smiles of ap-prov - al From high and low;
Step now in or - der, Eyes to the front! Hearts, hands, all will - ing, As is your (*Omit*... wont!

2. Yes! thro' the a - ges Her - alds shall name How, in this bat - tle, We won our fame;
Cow - ards may fal - ter, Foes com - ing on! Free - men! for - ev - er Rise, save your (*Omit*.... own!

Where is the coun - try Showing brav - er men! Wave then our col - ors To the breeze a - gain!
Hark! 'tis the sig - nal Of our foe's dis - may! Charge for the last time, We shall win the day.

CHORUS.

1st. 2d.

On - ward, my com - rades! Charge on the foe! So shall the Reg - 'ment Gain the victor's glow;
And thro' the a - ges Her - alds shall name How, in the bat - tle We.... won our (*Omit*... fame.

THE TRUE PATRIOT.

GERMAN.

Allegro vigoroso.

1. When truth and love u - nite in man - ly bo - soms, When meet the hand to do, the head to plan, There beats the
2. Not his the hands with hu - man car - nage blushing! Not his the eyes that car - nage calm - ly view; Nor his the
3. His faithful heart, all sel - fish views for - get - ting, Finds in the gen - eral good his chief de - light; His no - ble

pat - riot heart with truth un - sha - ken, There stands his country's hope, there stands a man! Tho' oaks and rocks may sever, His
voice to slav - ery man con - demning; Far oth - er language speaks the patriot true! Tho' oaks and rocks, &c.
soul dis - daining the ex - pe - dient, With true and steadfast purpose seeks the Right. Tho' oaks and rocks, &c.

heart is true for - ev - er; Tho' shorn of limbs by tempests all a - round, Yet is he firm - ly root - ed in the ground.

THE BRIGHT FLAG OF AMERICA.

Wm. B. Bradbury, by per.

Maestoso.

1. The bright Flag of A - mer - i - ca; How gal - lant - ly it waves, A - bove the free - men's dwelling-place, A - bove the freeman's grave; By no - ble streams and for - ests deep, And on the bounding sea, A thousand hearts are wel - coming The ban - ner of the free,..... The ban - ner of the free,..... The ban - ner of the free.

2. Where'er a peaceful ham - let lies, Its sheltering hills be - tween, The star - ry bea - con floats a - bove, As guardian of the scene; Wheree'er the north pine-for - ests bind, The tempest's sweeping blast; And ev - ery stone a record keeps, Of struggles of the past,..... Of struggles of the past,..... Of struggles of the past.

3. Where prairies' spreading plains are seen, And wild war-whoops ring by, Or by the dis - tant wa - ter course, Be - neath a southern sky; The stars and stripes wave proudly out, And from far wood to sea, From heart and voice breaks forth the shout, "The banner of the free,..... The ban - ner of the free,..... The ban - ner of the free."

O COME TO THE LAND OF THE WEST.

G. H. C.

DONIZETTI.

Brillante con energia.

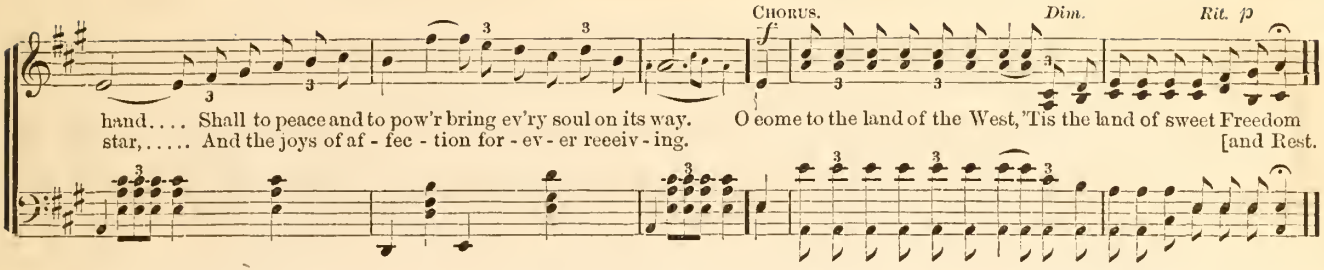
1. O come.... to the land of the West,..... Where the breezes of o - - - cean re - gale and re - vive you! Where
2. O come.... to the land of the West,..... Where the pine and the vine.. a new vig - or se - cure you! Where

f

moun - - tain and vale charm the eye,.... And the fruits and the flow-ers.... shall to ec - sta - cy drive... you! O
health,..... chiefest blessing of heav'n,... A re - lief from all pain shall... oft - en - times as - sure.... you! O

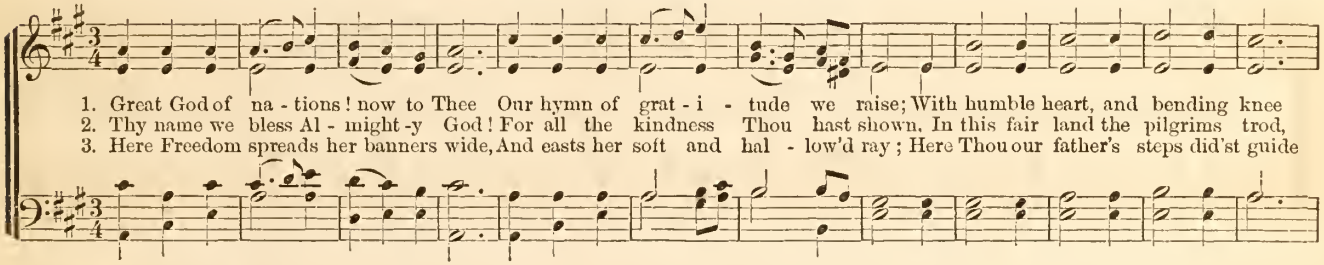
come..... where the silver and gold Ap - pear in the light of day, Where toil..... and a brotherly
come..... where your children new hope New life, and new chances a - chieving, Find homes.. lit with Freedom's bright

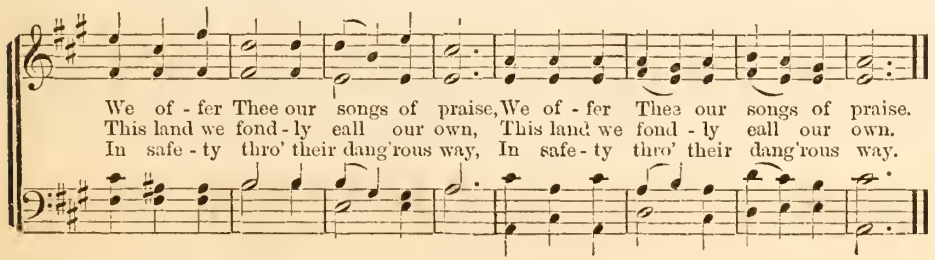
mf



PARK STREET. L. M.

Fred. M. A. Venua, 1810.





4.
We praise thee that the Gospel's light,
Thro' all our land its radiance sheds;
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us sheds.

5.
Great God! preserve us in thy fear
In danger still our Guardian be; [here,
O spread thy truth's bright precepts
Let all the people worship Thee.

UNION.

Geo. P. Morris.

E. J. Fitzhugh, by per. of Wm. A. Pond & Co.

Moderato.

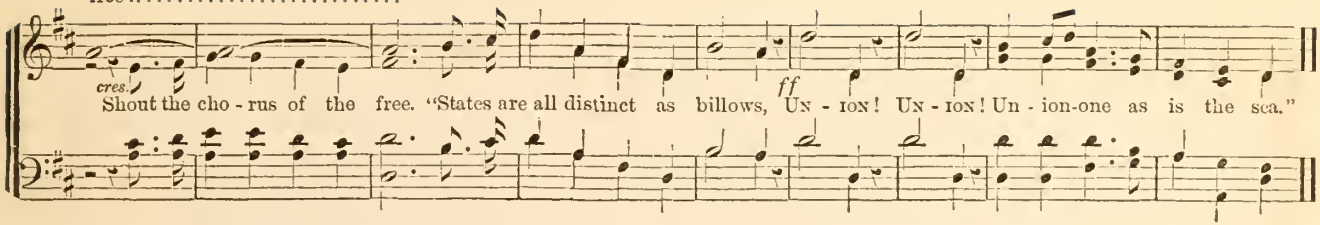
1. This the word beyond all oth - ers, Makes us love our country most, Makes us feel that we are broth - ers, And a
2. From the land of groves that bore us, He's a trai - tor who would swerve; By the flag now waving o'er us, We the

heart u - nit - ed host; With ho - san - na, let our ban - ner, From the housetop be un - furl'd, While the na - tion holds her
com - pact will preserve; Those who gain'd it and sustain'd it, Were un - to each oth - er true, And the fa - ble well is

Chorus. Take your harps from silent wil - lows..... Shout the chorus of the

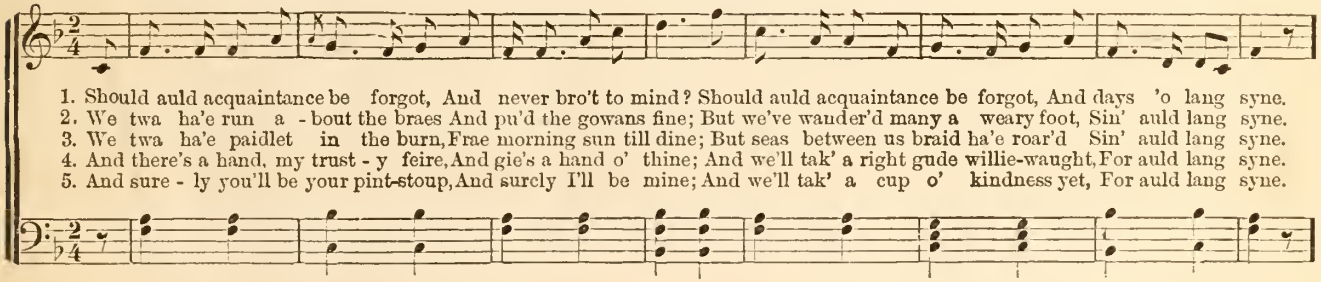
mf *mf*

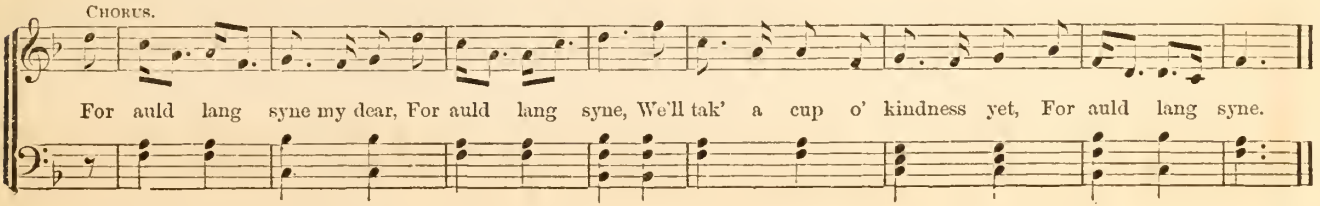
sta - tion, With the mightiest of the world. Take your harps from silent willows,
a - ble To in - struct us what to do.



AULD LANG SYNE.

Robert Burns. Scottish.





HAIL TO THE FLAG OF STRIPES AND STARS.

E. J. Fitzhugh, by per. of Wm. A. Pond & Co.

Allegro Moderato.

f

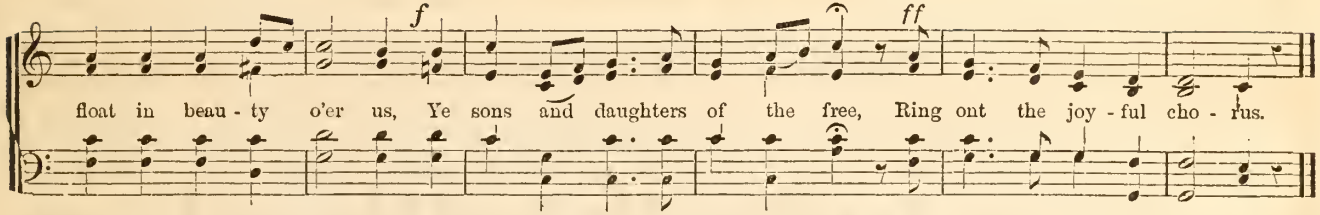
1. Hail to the Flag of Stripes and Stars, That floats in beau - ty o'er us, Ye sons and daughters of the free, Ring
2. New Stars shall clus - ter on its folds, But nev - er one shall van - ish, The ra - diance once a - ris - en there, No

out the joy - ful cho - rus, The ties that bind us state to state, Foul trea - son shall not sev - er, That
trai - tor hand shall ban - ish, Her Em - pire free - dom shall ex - tend, Be - neath our ea - gle's pin - ions, From

Chorus.

f *mf*

star - ry flag shall proudly wave, O'er all the land for - ev - er. Then hail, all hail the stripes and stars, That
North to South, from East to West, Shall stretch her broad do - min - ions.



'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

THOMAS MOORE.

"Groves of Blarney."

Andante espress.

1. 'Tis the last rose of summer, Left blooming a - lone; All her love-ly com - panions, Are fad - ed and gone;
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem; Since the love-ly are sleeping, Go, sleep thou with them.
3. So.... soon may I fol - low, When friendships decay, And from love's shining cir - cle The gems drop a - way.

No flow'r of her kindred, No rose-bud is nigh, To re - flect back her blushes, Or give sigh for sigh.
Thus kind - ly I scatter Thy leaves o'er the bed, Where thy mates of the gar - den Lie scentless and dead.
When true hearts lie wither'd, And fond ones are flown, Oh!.... who would in - habit This bleak world a - lone.

ANTHEM OF LIBERTY.

Words and Music by Richard Storrs Willis.
By per. Wm. A. Pond & Co.

Marcato, Allegro moderato.

1. Anthem of Li-berty, Solemn and Grand, Wake in thy loftiness, Sweep thro' the land! Light in each breast a-new
2. Spir-it of u-ni-ty, Po-tent di-vine, Come in thy kindliness, All hearts entwine! Prove to our en-e-mies
3. Shades of our Forefathers, Pass thro' the land, Cloth'd in full majesty, Ter-ri-ble, grand! Fright from their lurking place
4. Come kindly trin-i-ty, Noblest and best: "Faith, Hope and Charity," Rule in each breast! Faith in our Father-land,

Pa-tri-ot fires! Pledge the old flag again, Flag of our sires! Fling all the folds abroad Ban-ner of light!
Ev-er a rock, And to each traitor-scheme Ru-in-ous shock! Fling out the flag a-gain, Star-ry and bright!
Treason and wrong, Wake the old loy-al-ty, Earnest and strong! Ea-gle of Lib-er-ty, Soar to the light!
Hope in our Lord, Char-i-ty still to all, Blindly who've err'd! Us and our Lib-er-ties God will de-fend!

f CHORUS. *p* *ff* *p* *f*

Onward! still onward! Flag of our might! Onward! vic-torious! God for the right! A-men! A-men!

YANKEE DOODLE.

Original Words. Oldest National Air.

SOLO.—*Allegro.*

1. Fa - ther and I went down to camp, A - long with Cap - tain Good - ing; And there we saw the
2. There he saw a thousand men, As rich as Un - cle Da - vid; And what they wast - ed
3. There was Cap - tain Wash - ing - ton, And gen - tle folks a - bout him; They say he's grown so
4. He got him on his meet - ing clothes, Up - on a slap - ping stall - ion; He set the world a -

ff CHORUS *to each verse.*

men and boys, As thick as hast - y pud - ding. Yan - kee Doo - dle, keep it up,
ev - ery day, I wish it could be sav - ed.
'tar - nal proud, He will not ride with - out 'em.
long in rows, In hund - reds and in mill - ions.

Yan - kee Doo - dle dan - dy; Mind the mu - sic and the step, And with the girls be hand - y.

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, Baltimore, (1779–1843.) 1814. English Air.

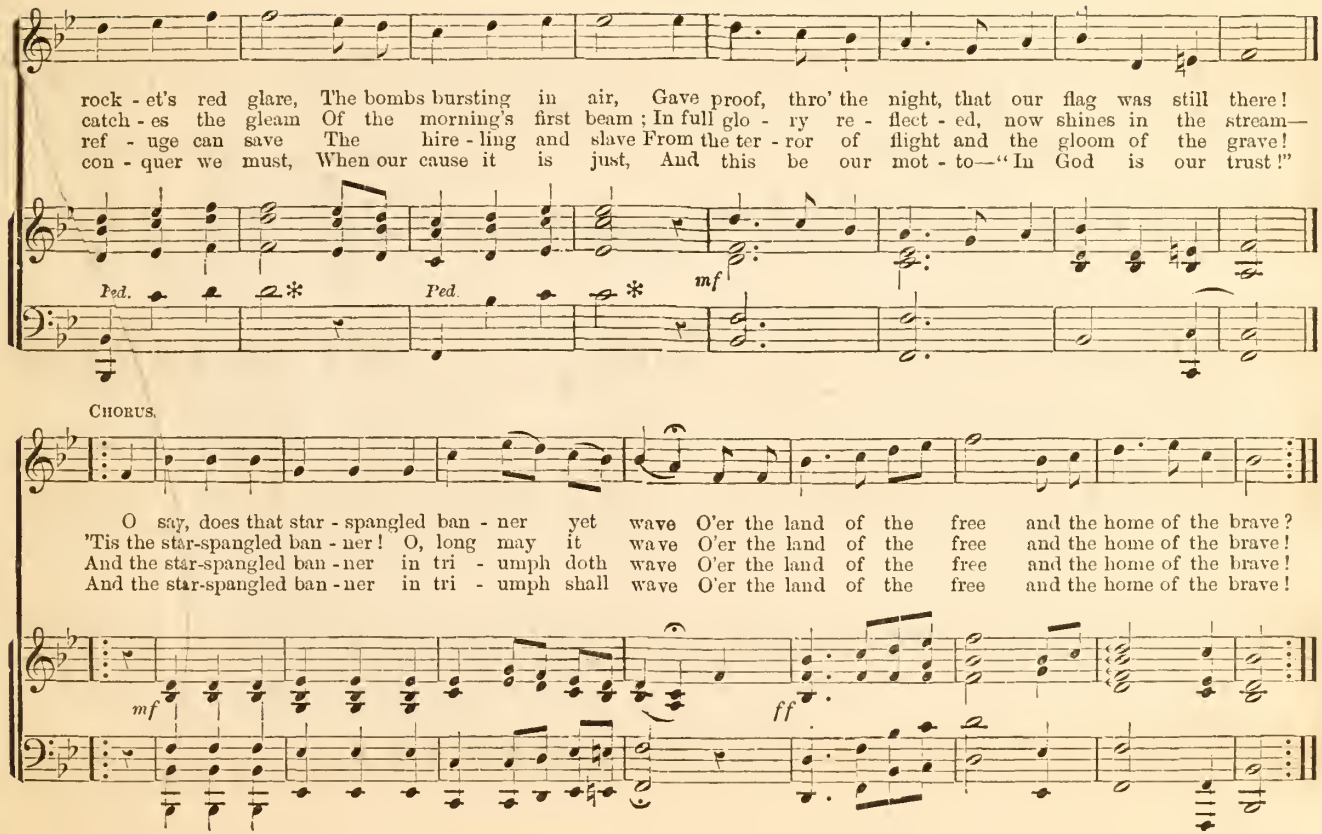
Con spirito.

1. O say, can you see by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming? Whose brad
2. On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is
3. And where is that band who so vaunting-ly swore That the hav - oc of war, and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion, A
4. O! thus be it ev - er, when freemen shall stand Be - tween their lov'd home and the war's des - o - la - tion! Blessed with

mf

stripes and bright stars thro' the per - il - ous fight, O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallant - ly streaming; And the
that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis - clos - es; Now it
home and a coun - try shall leave us no more—Their blood has wash'd out their foul foot-steps' pol - lu - tion! No
vic - 'try and peace, may the Heav'n-rescued land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na - tion! Then

ff


rock - et's red glare, The bombs bursting in air, Gave proof, thro' the night, that our flag was still there!
catch - es the gleam Of the morning's first beam; In full glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines in the stream—
ref - uge can save The hire - ling and slave From the ter - ror of flight and the gloom of the grave!
con - quer we must, When our cause it is just, And this be our mot - to—"In God is our trust!"
Ped.
Ped.
mf
CHORUS.
O say, does that star - spangled ban - ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
'Tis the star-spangled ban - ner! O, long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
And the star-spangled ban - ner in tri - umph doth wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
And the star-spangled ban - ner in tri - umph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
mf
ff

HAIL COLUMBIA.

JOSEPH HOPKINSON, Phila., (1770—1842), 1798. AMERICAN NATIONAL AIR. —— FAYLES, 1789.

Andante Maestoso.

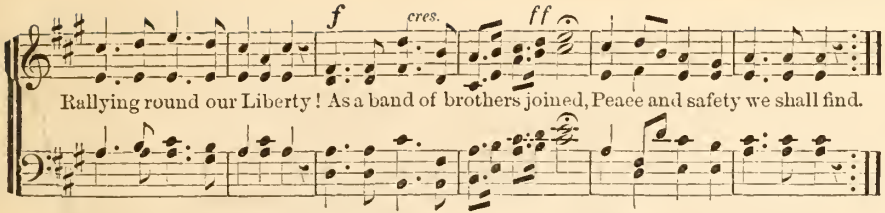
mf

1. Hail, Columbia, happy land, Hail, ye heroes, heav'n-born band, Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in
2. Immortal patriots, rise once more, Defend your rights, defend your shore, Let no rude foe with impious hand, Let no rude foe with

Freedom's cause, And when the storm of war was gone, Enjoyed the peace your val - or won! Let In - dependence be our boast,
impious hand Invade the shrine where sacred lies Of toil and blood the well-earned prize, While off'ring peace sincere and just,

f CHORUS.

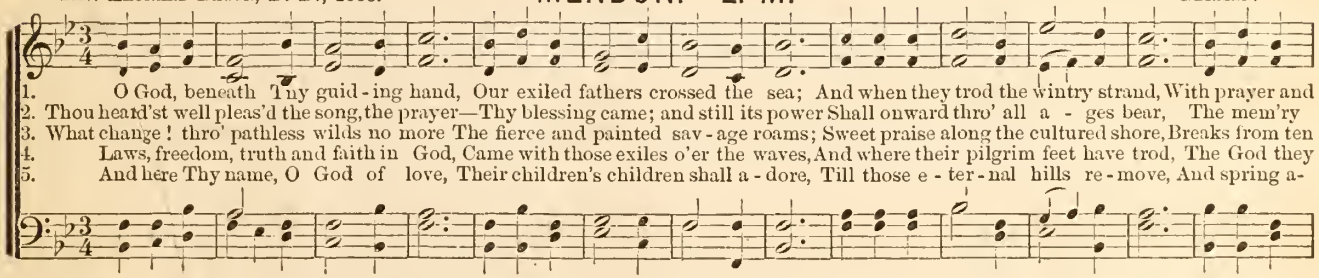
Ev - er mindful what it cost, Ev - er grateful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies. Firm, u - ni - ted let us be,
In heav'n we place a manly trust, That truth and justice may prevail, And ev'ry scheme of bondage fail. Firm, u - ni - ted, &c.

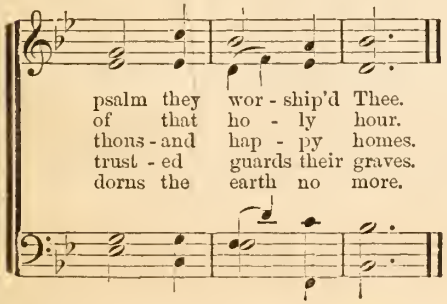


3 Behold the chief who now commands!
Once more to serve his country stands,
||: The rock on which the storm will beat! :||
But, armed in virtue, firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on Heaven and you.
When hope was sinking in dismay;
When gloom obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or Liberty! Firm, &c.

MENDON. L. M.

Rev. Leonard Bacon, D. D., 1838. — German.





GREAT GOD! BENEATH WHOSE PIERCING EYE.

Wm. S. Roscoe. — *Tune.*—Mendon.

1 Great God! beneath whose piereing eye
The earth's extended kingdoms lie,
Whose favoring smile upholds them all,
Whose anger smites them, and they fall.

2 Thy kindness to our fathers shown,
Their children's children long shall own;
To Thee, with grateful hearts shall raise,
The tribute of exalting praise.

3 Upheld by Thine unfailing aid,
Secure the paths of life we tread;
And, freely as the vital air,
Thy first and noblest bounties share.

4 Great God! our Guardian, Guide and Friend!
O still Thy sheltering arm extend;
Preserved by Thee for ages past,
For ages let Thy kindness last.

THE MARSEILLES HYMN.

ROUGET de l'ISLE.

Fieramente assai.

1. Ye sons of France, a-wake to glo - ry, Hark, hark! what myriads bid you rise! Your children
Al-lons en-fans de la Pa-tri - e! Le jour de gloire est ar-ri-vé! Con-tre
2. O Lib-er-ty! can man re-sign thee, Once hav-ing felt thy gen'rous flame? Can dungeons,
A-mour sa-cré de la Pa-tri - e! Con-duis, soutiens nos bras ven-geurs! Li-ber-té

wives, and grand-sires hoar-y; Be-hold their tears and hear their cries, Behold their tears and hear their
nous de la ty-ran-ni-e L'é-ten-dard sanglant est le-vé! Lé'-ten-dard san-glant est le-
bolts, and bars con-fine thee, Or whips thy no-ble spir-it tame? Or whips thy no-ble spir-it
Li-ber-té che-ri-e Combats a-véc tes dé-fen-seurs: Combats a-véc tes dé-fen-

p

cries! Shall hate - ful ty - rants mis - chief breed - ing With hireling hosts, a ruf - fian band, Af -
vé! En - ten - dez vous dans les cam - pa - gnes Mu - - gir ces fé - ro - ces sol - dats? Ils
tame? Too long the world has wept be - wail - ing That falsehood's dag - ger ty - rants wield— But
seurs! Sous nos dra - peaux que la vic - toi - re Accoure á tes males ac - cens; Que

sf

fright and des - o - late the land, While peace and lib - er - ty lie bleeding! To arms, to arms, ye
vien - nent jus - que dans nos bras, E - gor - ger nos fils, nos com - pag - nes! Aux ar - mes, Ci - to
free - dom is our sword and shield, And all their arts are un - a - vail - ing. To arms, to arms, &c.
tes en - ne - mis ex - pi - rans Voient ton triomphe et no - tre gloi - re. Aux ar - mes, &c.

braves! Th' avenging sword unsheath! March on, march on, all hearts resolv'd on vic - to - ry or death.
yens! For - mez vos ba - taillons! Marchez, marchez, qu'un sang impur A - breu - ve nos sil - lons.

ff

CHORUS.

To arms, to arms, ye braves! Th' avenging sword unsheath! March on, march on, all hearts resolv'd On vic - tory or death.
Aux ar - mes, Ci - to - yens! For - mez nos bataillons! Marchons, marchons, qu'un sang impur A - breu - ve nos sillons.

PATRIOT'S MISSION.

THOMAS HASTINGS, Mus. Doc.

G. H. C.

Cheerfully.

1. Let grat - i - tude wak-en the song, And swell the har - mo - ni - ous lyre, Let praise the sweet anthem pro - long, And joy ev - ery bo - som in - spire! What fa - vors a - round us have flow'd, Un - measur'd un - speak-a - bly great, By Heav'n in rich mer - cy bestow'd On man in his fall - en es - tate!
2. The earth with rich ver - dure is crown'd, The fruits in their fullness ap - pear, The songs of the reapers re - sound, And plen - ty en - rich - es the year; The bless-ings of Free - dom are ours, And knowledge and vir - tue in - crease, No foe is in - vad-ing our shores, We live with the na - tions at peace.
3. The sound of the gos - pel is heard; The scriptures their treasures un - fold, While thousands believe in the word, More precious than sil - ver or gold; No fierce per - se - cu - tions a - rise, The heart and the conscience to bind, The wis - dom which Heav'n supplied, The weakest be - liev - er may find. ev - er acknowledge His hand, Should send His sal - va - tion a - broad, His gos-pel to ev - ery land.
4. Let grat - i - tude wak-en the song, And swell the har - mo - ni - ous lyre, Let praise the sweet anthem pro - long, And joy ev - ery bo - som in - spire! A na - tion so fa - vor'd of God, Should

WHAT IS THE GERMAN'S FATHERLAND?

E. M. Arndt. Cotta.

f *p* *dol.*

1. Where is the Ger-man's Fa - ther-land? Is't Prus-si - a? is it Swabia-land? Is't on the Rhine where grapes do glow; Or
2. What is the Ger-man's Fa - ther-land? Ba - var - i - a, or the Syrian's land? Is't where the Wasser's cat - tle low, Where
3. What is the Ger-man's Fa - ther-land? Pom - e - rania, or Westpha - lialand? Where rolling sand of downs doth blow, Or

Cres. *mf* Chorus. *f*

where the Sound and Bells do flow? O no! O no! a greater land Must be the German's Fa - ther - land!
blaz - ing for - ges ev - er glow?
where the Danube's wa - ters flow?

O no! O no! a greater land Must be the Ger - man Fa - ther - land.

4 What is the German's Fatherland?
Where is that far-fam'd, best-lov'd land?
Is't Tyrol, is't where Switzers dwell?
Where freedom e'er was lov'd so well? *Cho.*

5 What is the German's Fatherland?
Where is that far-fam'd, best-lov'd land?
Can Austria this fair land be?
Scourge of Italia, Hungary? *Cho.*

Un poco piu mosso.

6. Once more, where is that Fa - ther-land? Tell me the name of that great land, Where - e'er resounds the
7. There is the Ger - man's Fa - ther-land, There is that far-famed, best loved land; Where truth doth beam in
8. All Ger - ma - ny is that blest land! Keep o'er it thine all power - ful hand; O God Al - might - y,

CHORUS.

Ger - man tongue, Where-e'er its hymns to God are sung. There is the land, there is the land, Which Germans
ev - ery eye, Where hearts are bound with love's own tie.
grant that we True in our love to it may be.

call their Fa - ther - land. There is the land, there is the land Which Germans call their Fa - ther - land.

AUSTRIAN NATIONAL HYMN.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.

Maestoso.

1. God preserve our Franz, the Kai - ser! Our good Kai - ser, Kai - ser Franz! High as ru - ler, high and wi - ser,
2. O - ver fer - tile plains and blooming, Reigns his scep-tre far and wide; Peace and pi - ty un - as - sum - ing,

In fame's brightness now he stands! Love's green lau - rel for the Kai-ser! Wreathed by pi - ous hu - man hands!
Near his throne, with love pre - side. On his shield is bright-ly looming, Right and jus - tice, side by side.

God preserve to us the Kai-ser, Our good Kai - ser, Kai-ser Franz!
God preserve, &c.

3 He with virtues thus adornèd,
Hath an eye for human care;
Never o'er a people scornèd,
Swingeth he the sword in air;
By their blessings won and warnèd,
All for them he'll do and dare. God preserve, &c.

4 Chains of slavery he breaketh,
Upward raiseth freedom high!
Now the German land he maketh
Soon the highest, far or nigh!
And at last the chorus waketh
Him to immortality! God preserve, &c.

RUSSIAN NATIONAL HYMN.

ALEX. THEO. LWOFF, (1799—1830.)

1st time as Quartette, 2nd as Chorus.

1. God save our glo - rious Czar! No - ble and strong; Lead him to vic - to - ry, His pow'r pro - long.
2. Lord of all pow'r and might, Smile on us all; Be Thou our constant friend, Save ere we fall.

1st time as Quartette, 2nd as Chorus.

O rul - er mild and good! Our chnrches shield; God is thy sole defence In court and field.
All nations bow to Thee, Rul - er di - vine! Bless thine own her - i - tage, And make us thine.

LORD WITH GLOWING HEART.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, 1857.

TUNE.—"Austrian National Hymn," p. 90.

1 Lord, with glowing heart I'll praise Thee.
For the bliss Thy love bestows;
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows;
Help, O Lord, my weak endeavor,
This dull soul to rapture raise;
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise.

2 Praise my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer far astray,
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away:
Praise with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling,
Vainly would my lips express;
Low before Thy foot-stool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief pleasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise,
And since words can never measure,
Let Thy life show forth Thy praise.

WEARING OF THE GREEN.

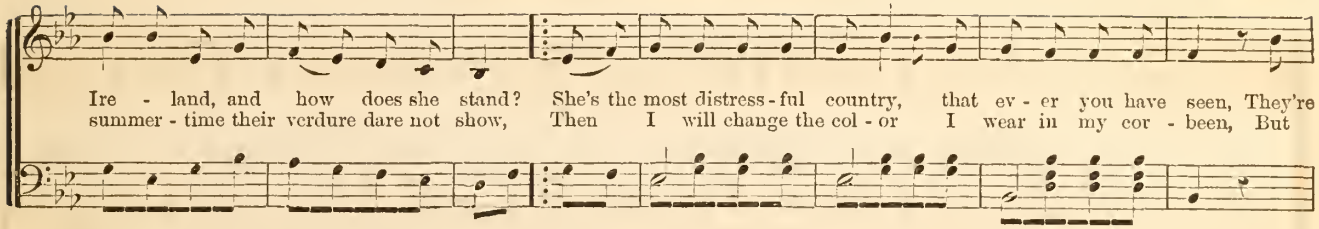
DION BOUCICAULT. E. H. HOUSE.

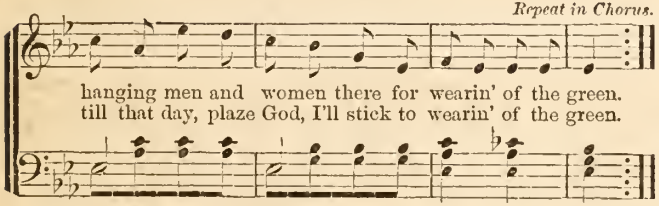
Allegretto.

1. Oh! Paddy, dear, and did you hear the news that's go - in' round, The Shamrock is for - bid by law to grow on I - rish
2. Then since the col - or we must wear, is England's cru - el red, Sure Ireland's sons will ne'er for-get, the blood that they have

ground; Saint Patrick's day no more we'll keep, His col - or can't be seen, For there's a blood - y law a - gin' the
shed; You may take the Shamrock from your hat, and cast it on the sod, But 'twill take root and flour - ish still, tho'

wear - in' of the green. I met with Napper Tan-dy, and he tuk me by the hand, And he said how's poor ould
un - der foot 'tis trod. When the law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow, And when the leaves in





3.

But if at last our color should be torn from Ireland's heart,
Her sons with shame and sorrow from the dear ould soil will part;
I've heard whisper of a country that lies far beyant the say,
Where rich and poor stand equal in the light of freedom's day.
Oh! Erin! must we lave you, driven by the tyrant's hand,
Must we ask a mother's welcome from a strange but happier land?
Where the cruel cross of England's thraldom never shall be seen,
And where, thank God, we'll live and die, still wearin' of the green.

By W. O. B.

THE COMMON SCHOOL RALLY.

Air—"Rally round the Flag."

1 We will rally to the call, Boys! rally far and wide,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom;
From the prairie and the vale, and the lofty mountain side,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

Cho.—The free school forever! hurrah, Boys! hurrah,
Up with the banner, bright with the stars;
We will rally to the call, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

2 By the memories of the past, keep the treasures that we love,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom;
And the blessings on our land we shall welcome from above,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom. *Cho.*

3 By the grandeur of our hopes, and the glory coming soon,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.
We will cherish freedom's gift till the future's brightest noon,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom. *Cho.*

4 We will gather every one, let them come from every land,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom;
We will greet with loving heart and a true and open hand,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom. *Cho.*

5 And our schools shall open wide, with their boon for every one,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom;
From the sunrise in the East, to the golden setting sun,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom. *Cho.*

HOME, SWEET HOME.

John Howard Payne, (1792—1852), 1812. Sir Henry Rowley Bishop, (1782—1855), 1829.

Andante espress.

1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so hum - ble there's no place like home!
2. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz - zles in vain— O give me my low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a - gain;

A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there, Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er met
The birds sing - ing gai - ly that come at my call, Give me these and peace of mind dear -

p *dim.*

with elsewhere. Home, home, sweet, sweet home! There's no place like home! There's no place like home!
er than all.

AMERICA.

AMERICAN NATIONAL HYMN.

Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, (1808—), 1832. English Air.

Andante Maestoso.

mf

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the pil - grim's pride; From ev - ery moun - tain side, Let free - dom ring.
2. My na - tive country! thee Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills, My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.

3 Our father's God! to Thee
Author of liberty!
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

HERE'S TO THE PRESIDENT.

1 Here's to the President!
Know you who now is meant?
Whose name we give?
Warrior of mighty will!
Conqu'ror on plain and hill;
Loved of the people still,
Long may he live!

2 When horrid war began,
He bravely led the van,
At Freedom's call:
He met the fearless foe,
Charged oft and laid him low:
O 'twas a joy to know,
Peace smiled on all!

3 Peace! Child of Victory!
Sing, soldier, joyfully,
And stay thine hand:
While for the noble dead
Each soul to glory fled,
Let their loved names be read
Throughout the land.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

ENGLISH NATIONAL HYMN.

1 God save our gracious Queen!
Long may Victoria reign,
God save the Queen!
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen!

2 O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter her enemies,
And make them fall!
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
On her our hopes we fix:
God save us all!

3 The choicest gifts in store
On her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign!
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen!

4 O grant her long to see
Friendship and Amity
Always increase.
May she her sceptre sway,
All loyal souls obey,
Join heart and voice, Huzza!
God save the Queen!

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.

English words by Chas. J. Sprague. [German words by Max Schneckenburger, (— 1849), 1840.] Carl Wilhelm, (1815 —), 1854.

Allegro Marcato. *f*

1. A call in thunder tones is heard, Like roaring tide and clashing sword; The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine! Who'll
2. A hundred thousand bosoms swell, And flashing eye the im - pulse tell, The German, hon - est, bold, and brave, The
3. He turns his glance to Heav'n on high, And feels the He - ro - Fa - ther nigh, And proud-ly vows that, like his soul, The

p *Tranquillo.* *cres.* *f*

guard its waters like a shrine? Dear Fatherland, may peace be thine! Dear Fatherland, may peace be thine! Stand firm, stand
ho - ly land-mark leaps to save.
Rhine shall German ever roll.

ff

firm thou guard upon the Rhine, Stand firm, stand firm thou guard upon the Rhine.

4 While yet a drop of blood remain,
Or yet a grasp the sword retain.
Or yet an arm the rifle aim,
No foeman shall thy shore defame.
Dear, &c.

5 On rolls the earth and flows the tide,
High float the banners far and wide,
The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine,
We'll guard its waters like a shrine. Dear, &c.

THE OLD CONSTITUTION.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. G. H. C.

f *Andante Maestoso.*

1. Aye, tear her tattered ensign down, Long has it waved on high, And many an eye has danced to see That
2. Her deck, once red with hero's blood, Where knelt the vanquish'd foe, When winds were hurrying o'er the flood, And

mf *cres.* *ff*

ban - ner in the sky; Be - neath it rang the bat - tle shout, And burst the cannon's roar,— The
waves were white be - low, No more shall feel the vic - tor's tread, Or know the conquer'd knee; The

mf

me - teor of the o - ean air Shall sweep the earth no more.
har - pies of the shore shall pluck The ea - gle of the sea.

3.

O better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunder shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave!
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every thread-bare sail,
And give her to the God of storms,
The lightning and the gale.

THE UNIVERSAL DOXOLOGY.

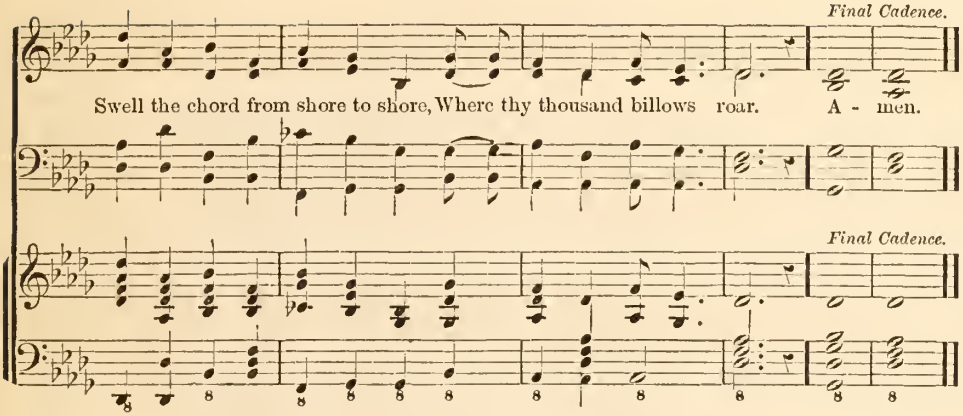
LAWSON. PAUL FERRAR, by per.

Andante Maestoso.

1. Eu - rope, speak the might - y name, Lord th' E - ter - nal Three proclaim; Let thy deep se - raph - ic lays

Inst. *f*

Thun - der forth the echo - ing praise. A - sia, bring thy rap - tured songs; Let in - nu - mer - a - ble tongues



2 Sable Afric, aid the strain;
Triumph o'er thy broken chain;
Bid thy wildest music raise,
All its fervor in His praise.
Shout, America, thy joys,
While His love thy song employs;
Let thy lonely wilderness
High exalt His righteousness.

3 All as one adore the Lord,
Father, Spirit, and the Word;
Hail, Thou glorious Three in One,
Worthy Thou, to reign alone.
Praise Him, all ye nations praise;
Saints in heav'n your anthems raise;
Angels join the solemn chord—
Reign forever, holy Lord. Amen.

OUR COMMON SCHOOLS.

W. O. B.

AIR.—"Star Spangled Banner," p. 80.

1 Come, come to the call, for the conflict is near:
And the clarion is heard through the breadth of the nation;
And we rouse from our sleep for the cause that is dear,
While we rally as one for our Free Education;
O ye sons of the free! Let the temple be bright,
On the rock of the Truth, with its pillars of light,
While the blessings of Freedom shall roll o'er the land,
And the School with the Bible unshaken shall stand.

2 Let the people be taught in the truth that we love,
In the schools of the free, and the glories of union,
As we catch the pure beams from the fountain above,
And march in the bonds of a holy communion;
Let the doors open wide! Let them ever abide,
As we build the fair temple with hope and with pride;
Till the dome shall be lost in the blue of the skies,
And the songs of the free round the altars shall rise.

3 Then down to the future the trust shall be given,
And age unto age keep the temple forever,
While glory and peace, with the radiance of heaven,
Shall smite the bold hand that our birth-right would sever;
Then come to the call! For the conflict is near!
Gird on the strong sword for the cause that is dear,
And swear by the altar where freemen have trod,
The vow of devotion to truth and to God.

OUR STATE.

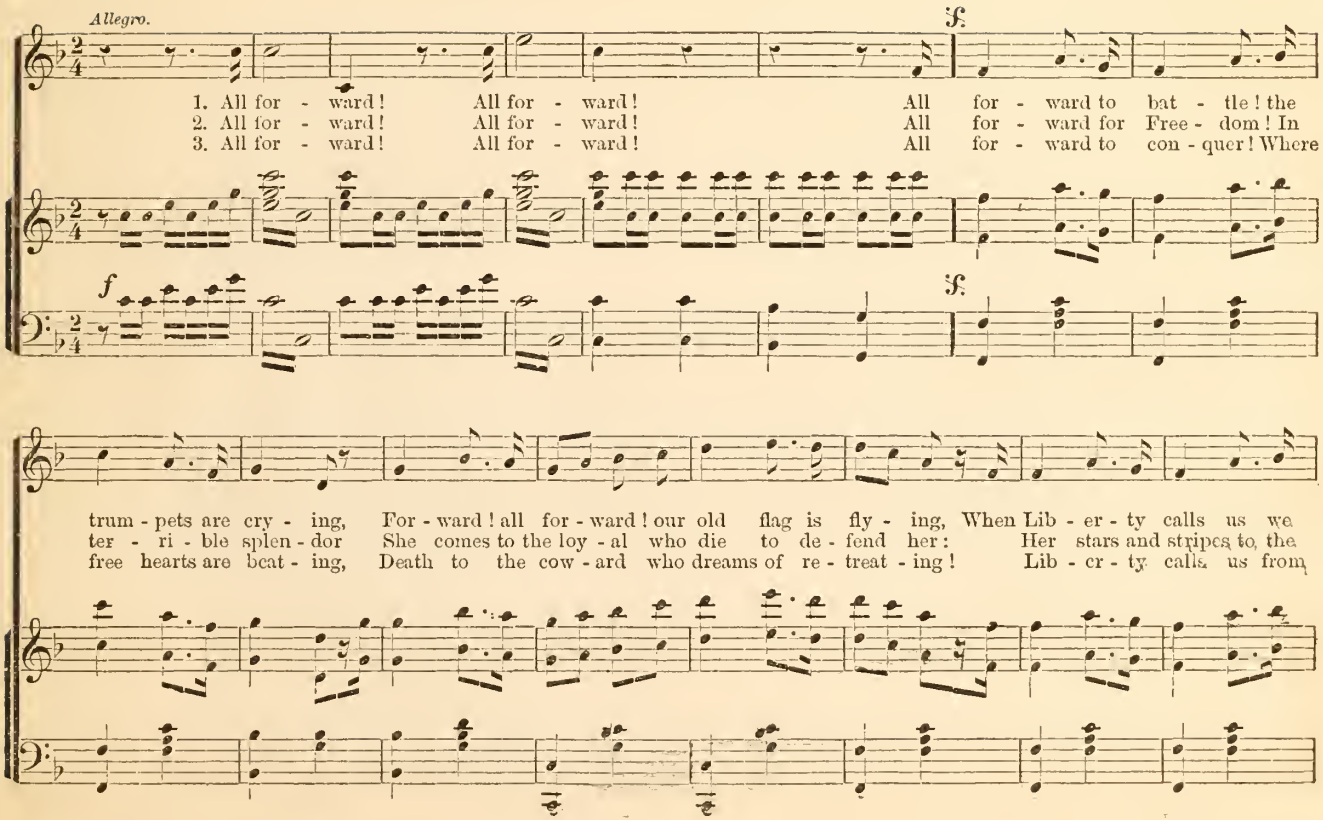
John G. Whittier. G. H. C.

mf Boldly.

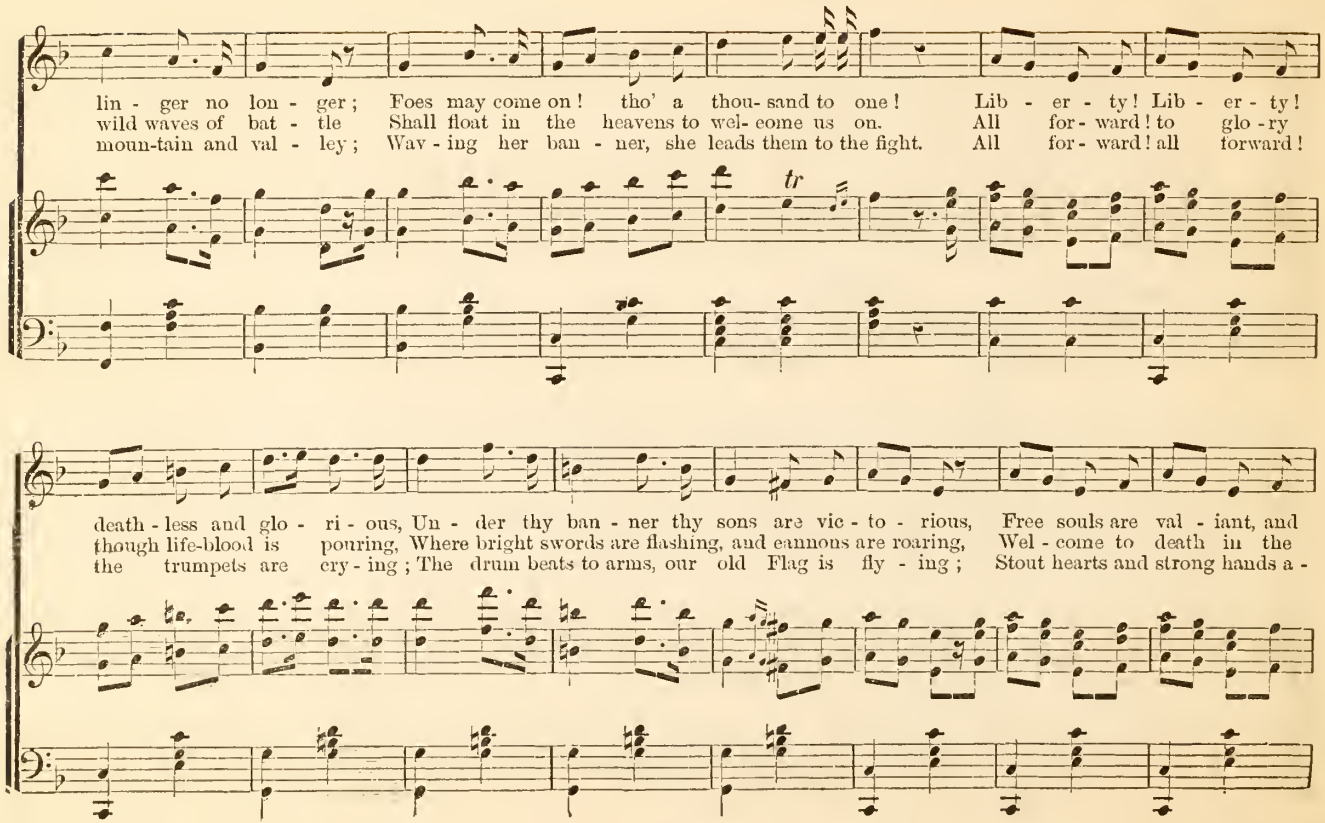
1. The South land boasts its teem - ing cane, The prairied West its heav - y grain, And sun - set's ra - diant
3. From Au - tumn frost to A - pril rain, Too long her win - ter woods complain; From budding flower to
4. The rich - es of the com-monwealth Are free, strong minds, and hearts of health; And more to her than

gates un - fold On ris - ing marts and suns of gold. Rough, bleak and hard our lit - tle state Is
fall - ing leaf, Her sum - mer time is all too brief. Yet on her rocks, and on her sands And
gold or grain The cun - ning hand and cul - tured brain. Nor heeds the skep - tic's pu - ny hands, While

scant of soil, of lim - its strait; Her yel - low sands are sands a - lone, Her on - ly mines are ice and stone!
win - try hills, the school house stands,—And what her rugged soil de - nies The har - vest of the mind supplies.
near her school the church-spire stands, Nor fears the blinded big - ot's rule, While near her church-spire stands the school!


Allegro.
ff.
1. All for - ward! All for - ward! All for - ward to bat - tle! the
2. All for - ward! All for - ward! All for - ward for Free - dom! In
3. All for - ward! All for - ward! All for - ward to con - quer! Where
f
ff.
trum - pets are cry - ing, For - ward! all for - ward! our old flag is fly - ing, When Lib - er - ty calls us we
ter - ri - ble splen - dor She comes to the loy - al who die to de - fend her: Her stars and stripes to the
free hearts are beat - ing, Death to the cow - ard who dreams of re - treat - ing! Lib - er - ty calls us from

ALL FORWARD! Continued.



ff con rabbia.

strong arms are strong - er, God shall go with us, and bat - tle be won. Hur - rah for the
bul - lets quick rat - tle— Fight - ing or fall - ing shall Free - dom be won. Hur - rah, &c.
round it shall ral - ly— For - ward to bat - tle for God and the Right. Hur - rah, &c.

ff con rabbia.

pp *Cres.* *ff*

ban - ner, Hur - rah for the ban - ner, Hur - rah for our ban - ner, the flag of the free!

pp *Cres.* *ff*

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

Felicia D. Hemans, (1793—1835.) Miss Felicia D. Browne.

1. The breaking waves dash'd high On a stern and rock-bound coast, And the woods a-gainst a storm-y sky, Their gi-ant branches toss'd; And the heav-y night hung dark, The hills and wa-ters o'er, When a band of ex-iles moor'd their bark, On the wild New England shore.
2. Not as the conqueror comes, They, the true-heart-ed came; Not with the roll of the stir-ring drums, And the trumpet that sings of fame; Not as the fly-ing come, In si-lence and in fear; They shook the depths of the des-ert gloom, With their hymns of loft-y cheer.
3. A-midst the storm they sang, And the stars heard, and the sea; And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang, To the an-them of the free! The o-cean ea-gle soar'd From his nest by the white wave's foam; And the rocking pines of the for-est roar'd—This was their welcome home!

4.

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band;
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?
There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

5.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!
Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod,
They have left unstain'd what there they [found—
Freedom to worship God.

ALL HAIL THE STARS AND STRIPES.

W. O. B. THEODORE E. PERKINS, by per.

1. All hail the stars and stripes! The radiant flag—all hail! Un-furl to ev-ery breeze, Fling wide to ev-ery gale;
2. All hail the stars and stripes! Hope beams in every ray, And shining thro' the night Of gloom, points out the way;
3. All hail the stars and stripes! They bind us all in One, In Union, Peace and Love Be-neath the west-ern sun;
4. All hail the stars and stripes! All hail our beauteous flag, Fling out from mast and peak, From loft-y mountain crag;

From loft-y dome and spire, From hill and mountain height, A-blaze with Freedom's fire, To give the nation's light.
Then hail the stars and stripes, They float in ev-ery sea, The crystal waves speed on The em-blem of the free.
All round the waking earth, Let ev-ery eye be-hold, The sign of Freedom's birth, The ra-diant stars of gold.
Then float-ing in the air, O'er hill, and vale, and sea, Shall float for-ev-er fair, The em-blem of the free.

CHORUS.

Then hail to the stripes and stars! The flag of our union free; The flag that forev-er in glory shall wave, The radiant flag of the free.

HAIL OUR COUNTRY'S NATAL MORN.

Wm. Gilmore Simms, (1806—1870.)

Isaac Beverly Woodbury, 1856, by per.

Very spirited.

1. Hail our country's na - tal morn! Hail, our spreading kin - dred born, Hail, thou ban - ner, not yet torn,
2. Who would sev - er freedom's shrine? Who would draw th'in - vid - ious line? Tho' by birth one spot be mine,
3. By our al - tars pure and free, By our laws' deep - root - ed tree, By the past's dread mem - o - ry,

Wav - ing o'er the free! While this day in fes - tal throng, Mil - lions swell the
Dear is all the rest: Dear to me the South's fair land, Dear the cen - tral
By our Wash - ing - ton; By our com - mon par - ent tongue, By our hopes, bright,

pa - triot's song, Shall not we thy notes pro - long, Hallowed Ju - bi - lee?
mountain band, Dear New England's rock - y strand, Dear the prairied West.
buoyant, young, By the tie of coun - try strong, We will still be One.

4

Fathers! have ye bled in vain?
Ages! must ye droop again?
Maker! shall we rashly stain,
Blessings sent by Thee?
No! receive our solemn vow,
While before Thy throne we bow,
Ever to maintain as now
"Union—Liberty."

THE FLAG OF THE FREE.

FANNY J. CROSBY. THEODORE E. PERKINS, by per.

1. Na - tive land, na - tive land, with thy skies ev - er blue, We will cling to thee still with our hearts warm and true;
2. Oh, Co - lum - bia, Co - lum - bia, how tran - quil and bright Was the morning that dawned on thy per - il - ous night,
3. Now the day - star of hope in its glo - ry ap - pears, Then a - wake from thy sor - row, and ban - ish thy fears;
4. Let it wave, let it wave, to the bree - zes unfurled, 'Tis the pride of the vet - 'ran, the boast of the world;

Like a watch-fire as - cend - ing, be - hold on the sea, Waving proudly as ev - er, "The Flag of the Free."
When the an - gel of peace spread her wings o'er the sea, And she blessed the old standard, "The Flag of the Free."
For thy he - roes have planted o'er land and o'er sea, Waving proudly as ev - er, "The Flag of the Free."
Then hur - rah for the brave! and our mot - to shall be, God pro - tect the old standard, "The Flag of the Free."

CHORUS.

The Flag of our Un - ion, The Flag of our Un - ion, The Flag of our Un - ion, The Flag of the Free.

W. O. B.

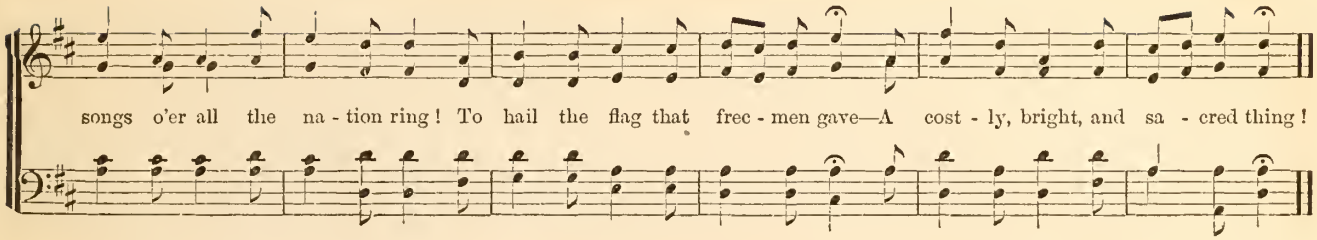
LET THE STARRY BANNER WAVE.

PAUL FERRAR, by per.

Allegro brillante.

1. I love the flag whose radiant stars Wlth - in its a - zure field are set, Whose crimson-flush'd and stainless bars Are types of peace and glory met; It floats unfurl'd in ev - ery clime, And speaks to na - tions yet a - sleep, While mil - lion hearts a - wait the time When Freedom's vow they too shall keep. Then let the star - ry ban - ner wave! Let
2. Un - rivall'd, as when free - dom trod Tri - umphant on the bat - tle field, And pledg'd to Freedom and to God, Our banner we will never yield, It floats the standard of the Free! On Northern peaks and Southern plains, On hill and vale, from sea to sea, On might - y streams and mountain chains.
3. Bright emblem of the might-y Past! Be - dew'd all thro' a night of tears! Whose crimson-priee our fathers cast, With faith and pray'r adorn the years! Untarnish'd on the page of time, And pur - er in to - morrow's beam, Thy stars shall be a speech sublime, Of peace, and love, and joy supreme.
4. Then let the star-ry ban - ner wave! Let songs o'er all the na - tions ring! To hail the flag the freemen gave—A costly, bright, and sacred thing! Till stars shall crowd upon the field, Undimm'd with aught of er - ror's night, Whose bliss shall be the truth reveal'd, That Free - dom is E - ter - nal Right.

mf *f* CHORUS.



HYMN FOR DECORATION DAY.

WM. OLAND BOURNE. *Tune*—OLD HUNDRED.

1 Blest are the martyred dead who lie
In holy graves for Freedom won:
Whose storied deeds can never die
While coming years their circles run.

2 Blest be the ground where heroes sleep,
And blest the flag that o'er them waves;
Its radiant stars their watch shall keep,
And brightly beam on hallowed graves.

3 While Freedom lives, their fame shall live
In glory on a blazing scroll,
And Love her sacrifice shall give,
While anthems round the altar roll.

4 Year after year our hands shall bear
Immortal flowers, in vernal bloom,
Till God shall call us home to share
Immortal life beyond the tomb.

5 Our Father! all the praise be thine!
Thy grace and goodness we adore!
Bless our dear land with love divine,
And shed Thy peace from shore to shore.

HYMN FOR DECORATION DAY.

WM. OLAND BOURNE. *Tune*—PLEYEL'S HYMN.

1 Love immortal for the dead,
Lying here in gloried sleep,
Where the angels softly tread,
While their holy watch they keep.

2 Wreaths we bring that ne'er shall fade,
Greener with the passing years,
Brighter for our sorrow's shade,
Jewelled with our falling tears.

3 Here they died that truth might live,
Here they fell in freedom's name,
Giving all that man can give,—
Life for glory's deathless fame.

4 Bend in love, O azure Sky!
Shine, O Stars, at evening time!
Watch where heroes calmly lie,
In their faith and hope sublime.

5 God of nations! bless the land
Thou hast saved to make us free;
Guide us with Thy mighty hand,
Till all lands shall come to Thee.

RULE BRITANNIA.

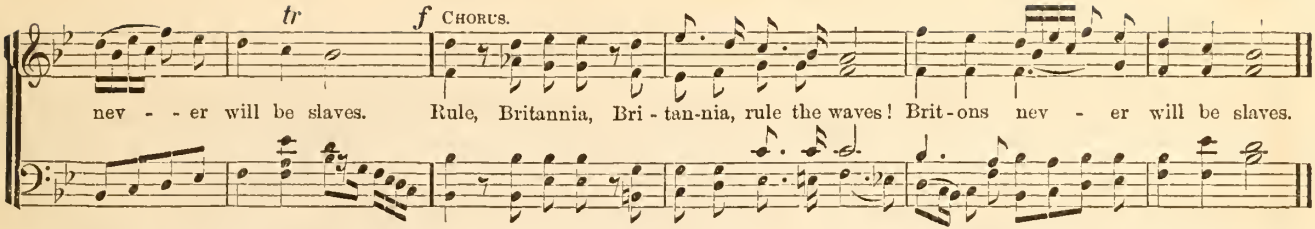
Dr. Tho's. A. Arne, (1710—1778.)

Boldly.

1. When Britain first..... at Heaven's com - mand, A - rose..... from out the a - - zure main, A -
2. The na - tions not..... so blest as thee, Must in..... their turns to ty - - rants fall, Must
3. The Muses still..... with free - dom found, Shall to..... thy happy coast re - pair, Shall

rose, a - rose, a - rose from out the a - zure main; This was the Charter, the Char - ter of the land, And
in their turns, must in their turns to ty - rants fall; While they shall flourish, shall flourish great and free, The
to thy hap - py, hap - py, hap - py coast re - pair; Blest Isle! with matchless, with matchless beauty crown'd, And

guard - ian an - - gels sung the strain— Rule, Britannia, Bri - tan-nia, rule the waves! Brit - ons
dread and en - - vy of them all. Rule, Britannia, &c.
man - ly hearts.... to guard the fair. Rule, Britannia, &c.



HAIL TO THEE, VICTOR GRAND!

PRUSSIAN NATIONAL HYMN.

Tune—"AMERICA." p. 95.

1 Hail to thee, victor grand!
Ruler of Fatherland!
Hail, king, to thee!
Rich in thy splendid throne!
Not in thy joys alone,
But as thy people's own,
Hail, king, to thee!

2 Nor horse, nor hunter bold,
Those heights may ever hold,
Where Princes be;
Loved of thy Fatherland,
Saved by each freeman's hand,
Thy throne shall ever stand
A Rock in Sea!

3 O holy flame and free!
Glowing eternally
In our blest sight,
We will all look to thee,
Bright in thy brilliancy:—
Battling, while all shall see,
A throne with Right!

4 Science and trade shall bring
Their tribute to the King,
And bear him high!
Warrior and Hero blend
A laurel-leaf to lend
To him who dare defend
His throne or die!

5 Live long, O King. for us,
Pride of the virtuous,
Men's hope to be!
Rich in thy splendid throne!
Not in thy joys alone,—
But as thy people's own,
Hail, king, to thee!

HYMN FOR CHILDREN.

Tune—"AMERICA." p. 95.

1 Let the still air rejoice,
Be every youthful voice
Blended in one;
While we renew our strain
To Him, with joy again,
Who sends the evening rain,
And morning sun.

2 His hand in beauty gives
Each flower and plant that lives,
Each sunny rill;
Springs! which our footsteps meet—
Fountains! our lips to greet—
Waters! whose taste is sweet,
On rock and hill.

3 Each summer bird that sings,
Drinks from dear Nature's springs,
Her early dew;
And the refreshing shower,
Falls on each herb and flower,
Giving it life and power,
Fragrant and new.

4 So let each faithful child,
Drink of this fountain mild,
From early youth;
Then shall the song we raise
Be heard in future days—
Ours be the blessed ways
Of peace and truth.

5 Now let each heart and hand
Of all this youthful band,
United, move!
Till on the mountain's brow,
And in the vale below,
Our land may ever glow
With peace and love.

REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

CARMEN BELLICOSUM.

(BATTLE SCENE.)

(For Contralto, Baritone, or Basso Voice.)

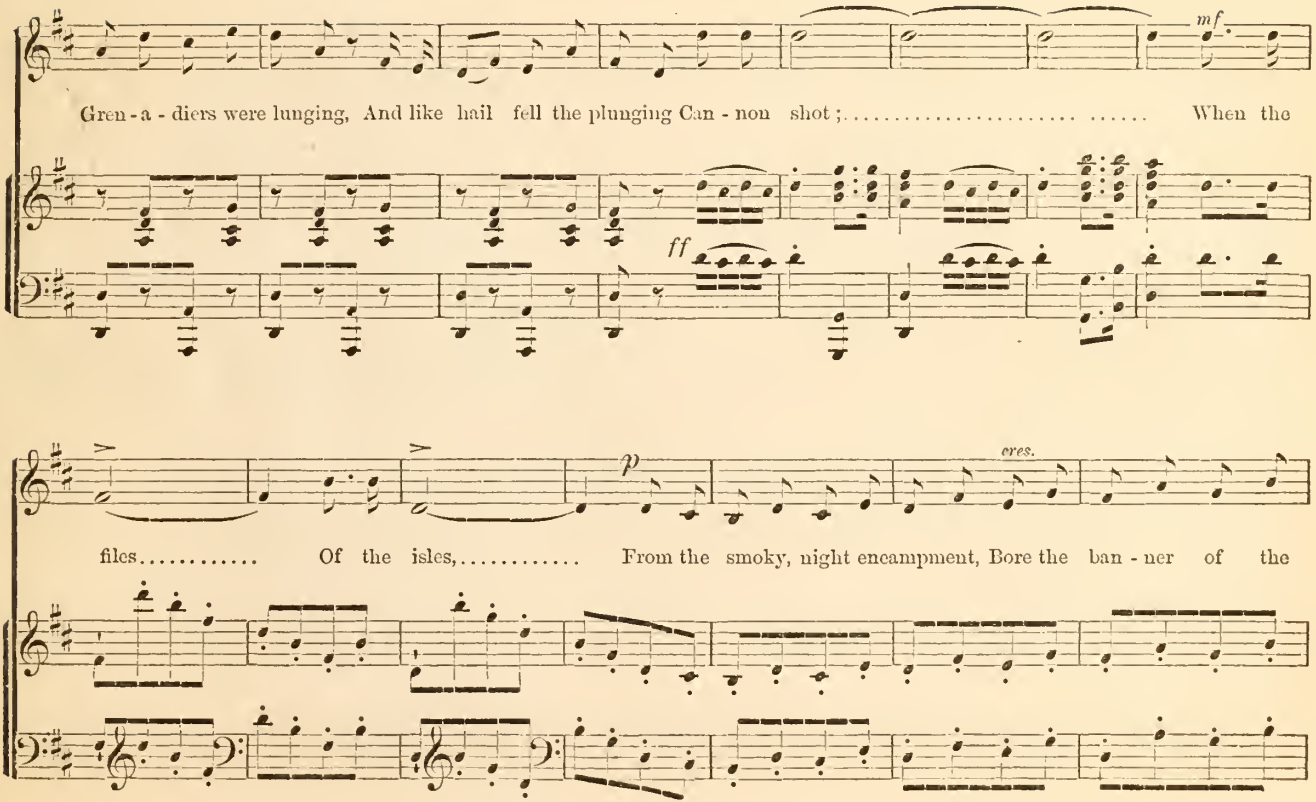
Guy Humphrey McMaster.

Geo. H. Curtis.

Allegro ma non troppo.

f *ff* *mf* *ff*

1. In their ragged reg - i - mentals, Stood the old Con - ti - nentals, Yielding not;..... ..... When the


mf
Gren - a - diers were lunging, And like hail fell the plunging Can - non shot; ..... When the
ff
p
cres.
files..... Of the isles,..... From the smoky, night encampment, Bore the ban - ner of the

ff *p* *cres.*

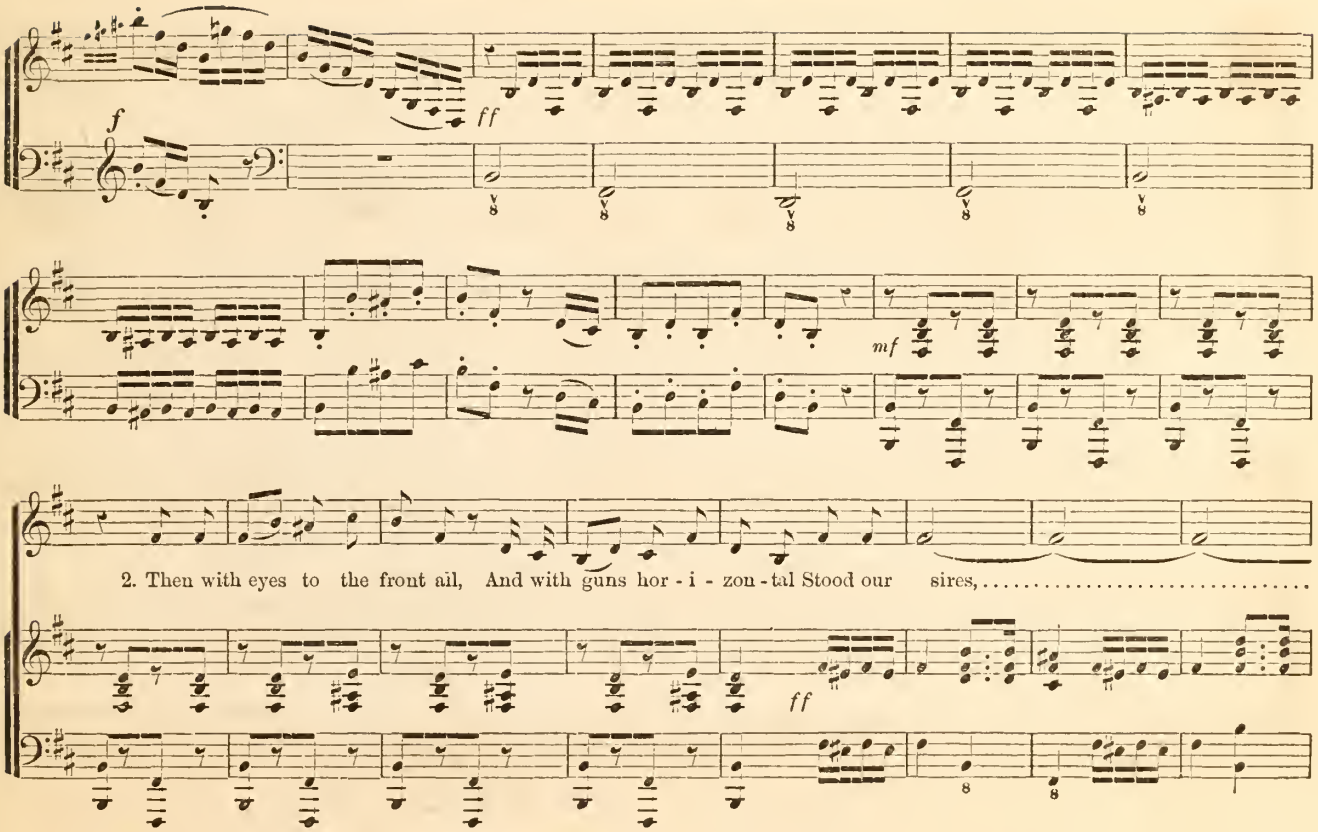
rampart U - ni - corn, ... And grummer, grummer, grummer rolled the roll of the

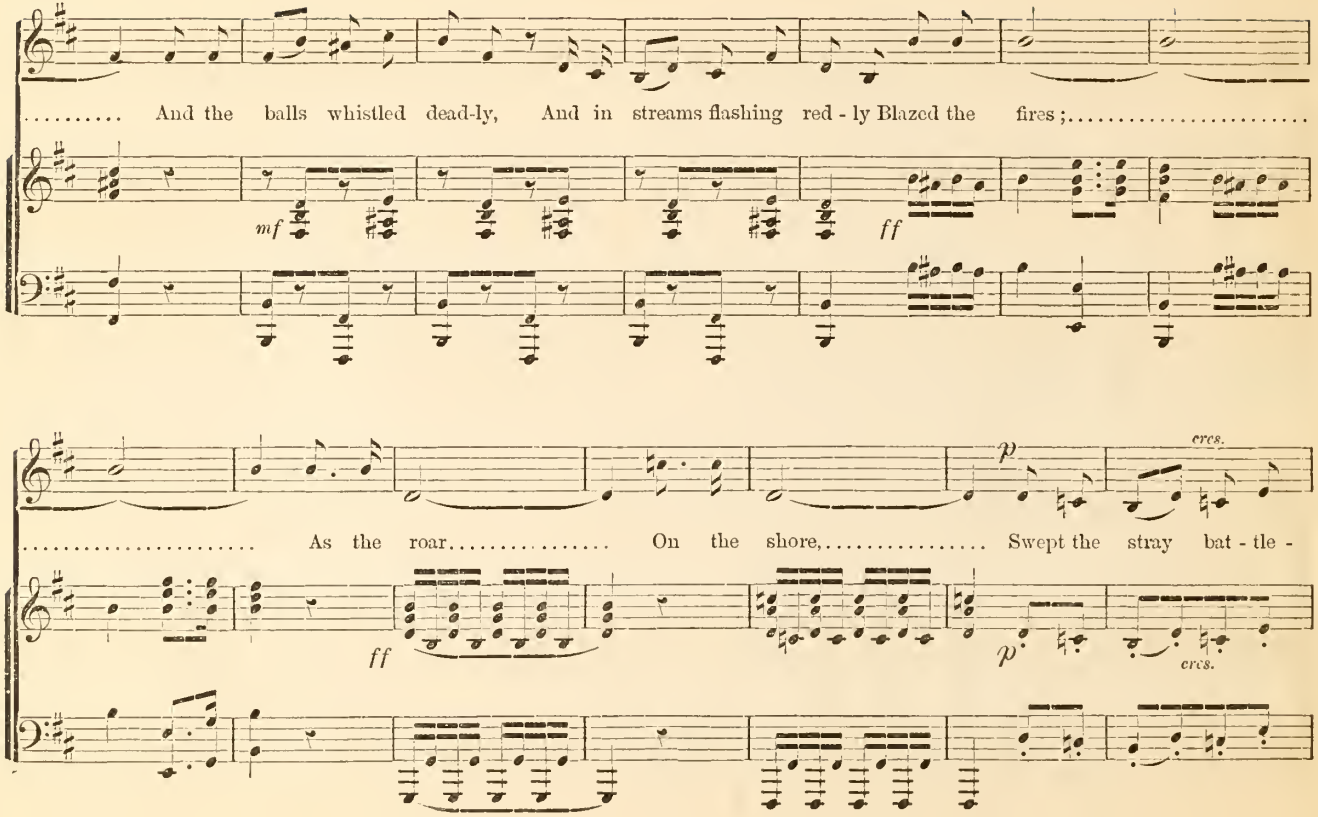
ff *Ped.* * *p* *cres.*

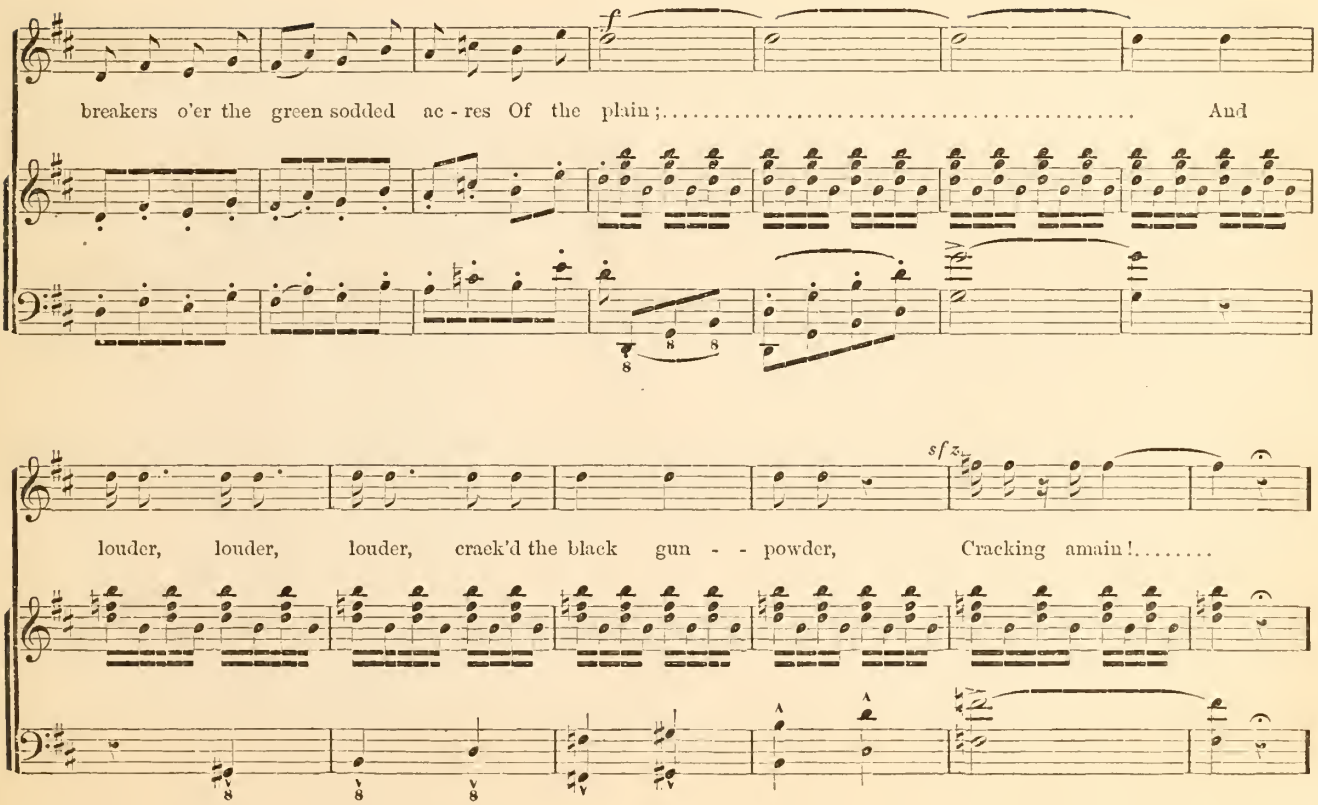
mf

drummer Through the morn! .....

mf *dim.* *p*


f
ff
mf
2. Then with eyes to the front all, And with guns hor - i - zon - tal Stood our sires,
ff


And the balls whistled dead-ly, And in streams flashing red - ly Blazed the fires;
mf
ff
As the roar On the shore, Swept the stray bat - tle -
ff
p
crcs.
p
crcs.


f
breakers o'er the green sodded ac - res Of the plain;..... And
sfz
louder, louder, louder, crack'd the black gun - - powder, Cracking amain!.....

f *poco rit.* *tempo 1mo.*

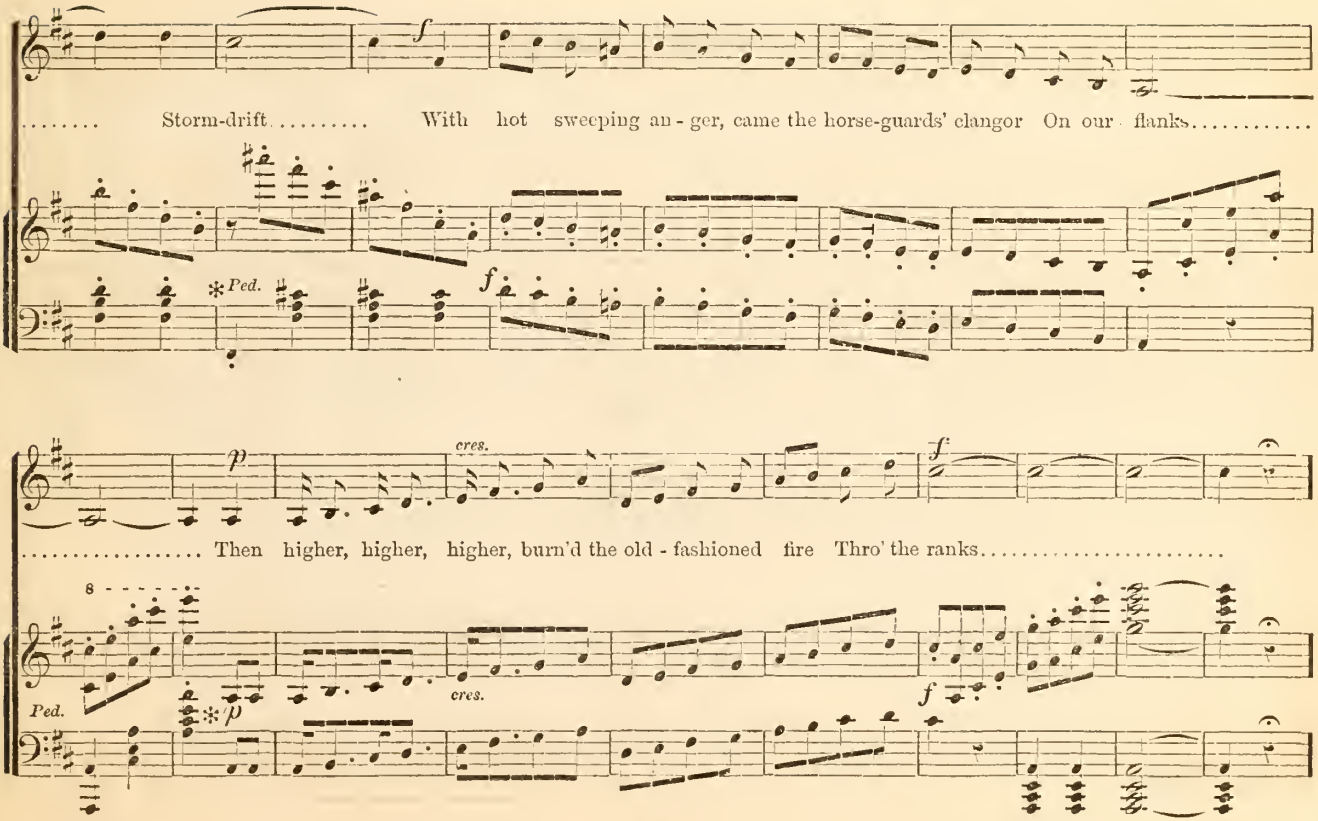
3. Now like smiths at their forges Work'd the red Saint George's Cannon - iers;..... And the

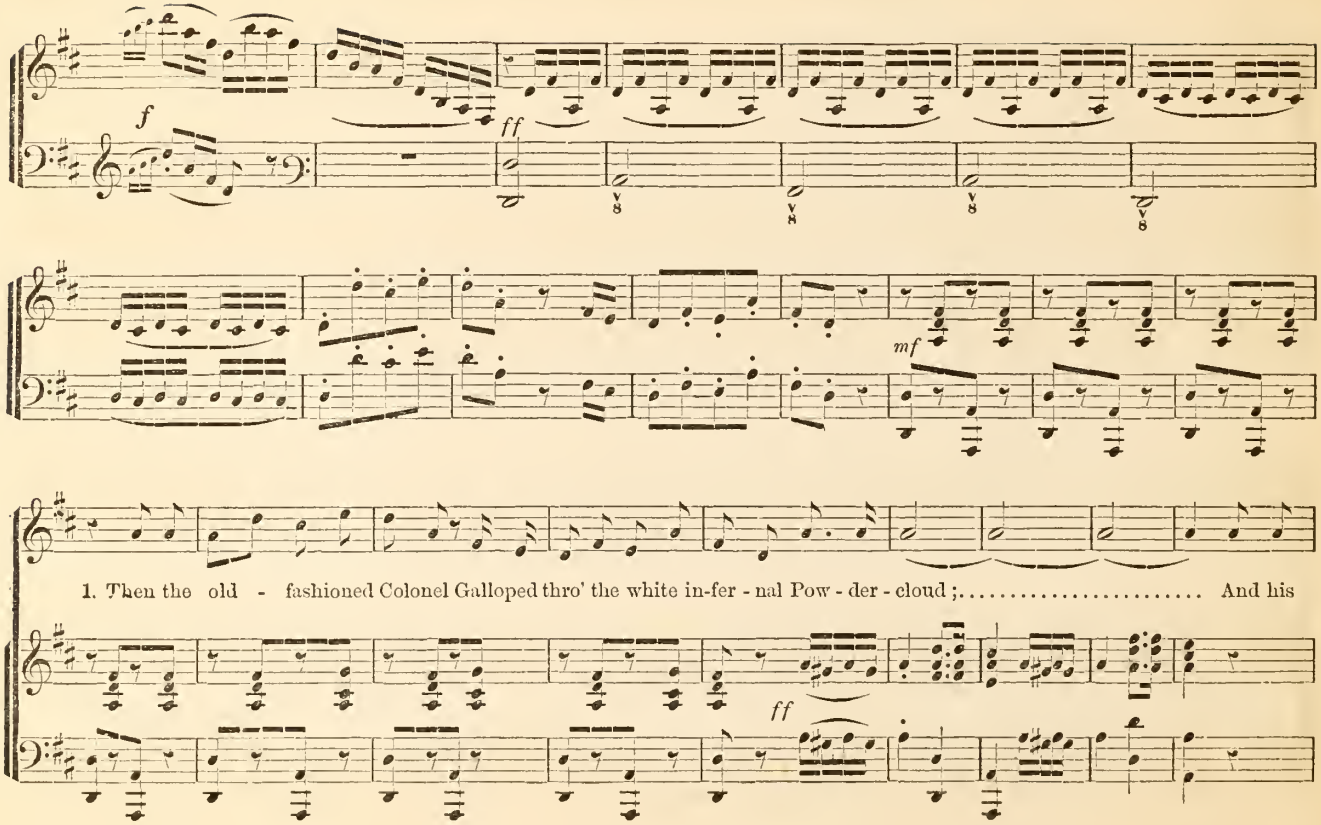
ff *poco rit,* *tempo 1mo.*

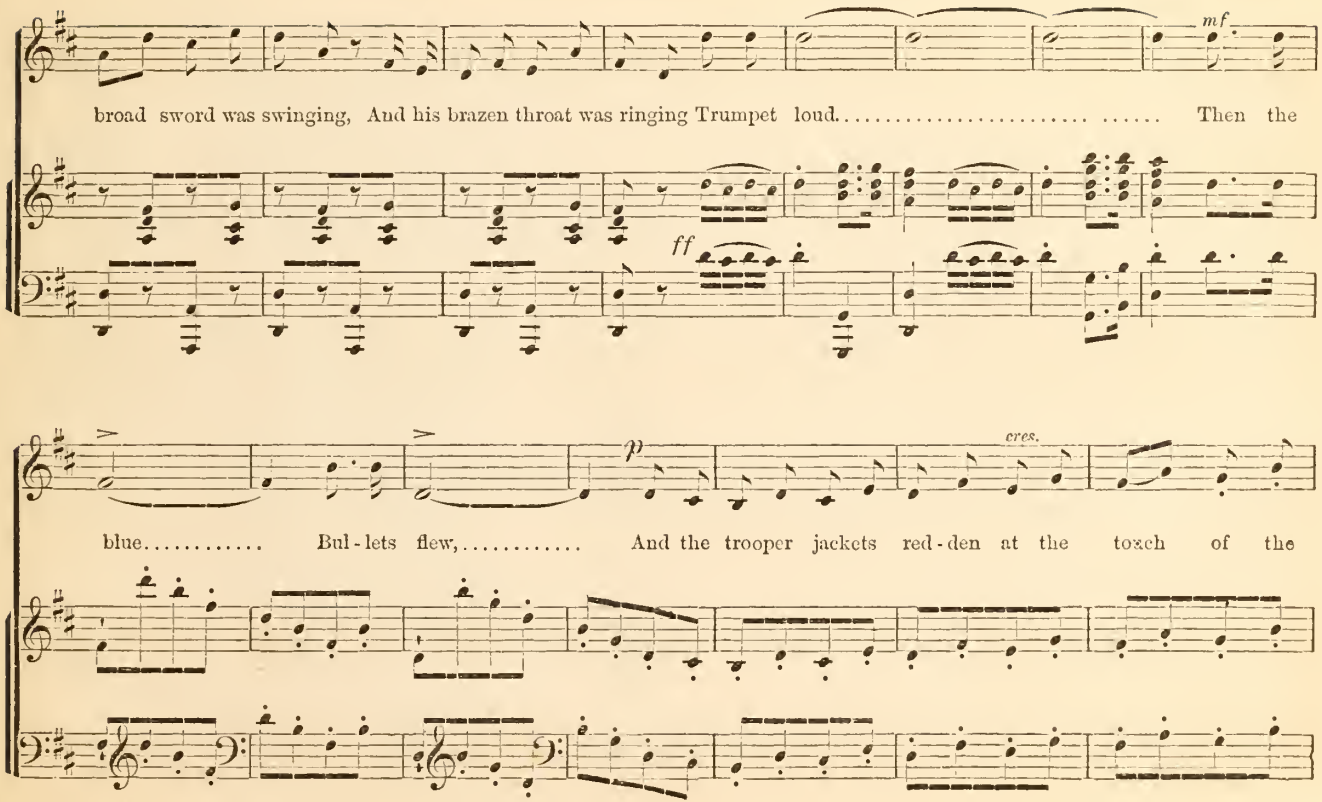
poco rit. *mf* *tempo 1mo.*

vil - lainous salt - pe - tre Rang a fierce, discordant me - tre Round their ears;..... As the swift.....

poco rit. *tempo 1mo.* *Ped.*


f
Storm-drift With hot sweeping an - ger, came the horse-guards' clangor On our flanks
*Ped.
f
p
cres.
f
Then higher, higher, higher, burn'd the old - fashioned fire Thro' the ranks
8
Ped.
*p
cres.
f


f
ff
mf
1. Then the old - fashioned Colonel Galloped thro' the white in-fer - nal Pow - der - cloud ;..... And his
ff


mf
broad sword was swinging, And his brazen throat was ringing Trumpet loud..... Then the
ff
p
cres.
blue..... Bul-lets flew,..... And the trooper jackets red-den at the touch of the

ff *mf* *cres.* *poco.* *rit.*

lead-en Ri - fle - breath, ... And rounder, rounder, rounder, roar'd the i - ron six -

ff *Ped.* * *cres.* *poco.* *rit.*

f *a tempo.* *dim.*

pounder, Hurl - ing death! .....

dim. *p*

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

THOMAS MOORE. Irish Air.

Andante.

1. The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls, The soul of mu - sic shed, Now hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls, As if that soul had fled. So sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er, And hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.

2.
No more to chiefs and ladies bright,
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus freedom now so seldom wakes;
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

DENMARK.

JOHN WESLEY, 1741.

Dr. MARTIN MADAN, (1726—1790.)

mf Maestoso.

Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye nations bow with sa - cred joy! Know that the Lord is God a - lone,

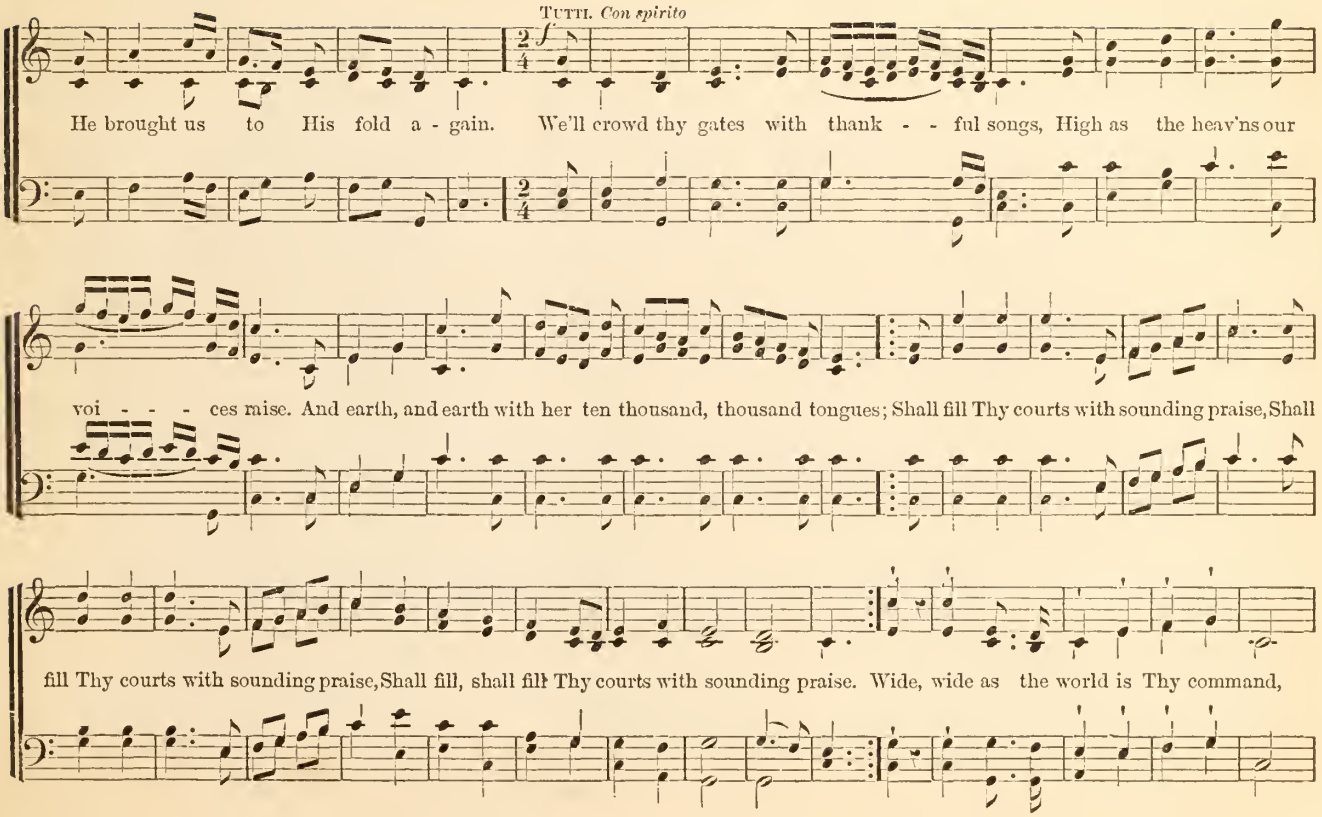
p

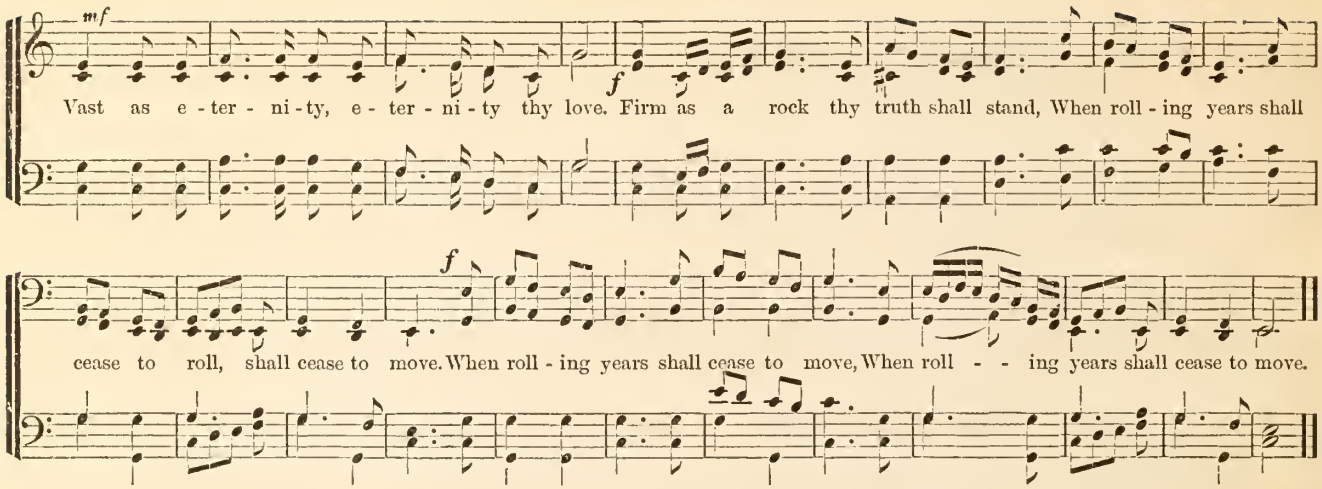
He can cre - ate, and He de - stroy, He can cre - ate, and He de - stroy.

p TRIO. *Andante.*

His sov'reign pow'r with - out our aid,

Made us of clay, and form'd as men; And when, like wand'ring sheep we stray'd, He brought us to His fold a - gain—


TUTTI. Con spirito
He brought us to His fold a - gain. We'll crowd thy gates with thank - - ful songs, High as the heav'ns our
voi - - - ces raise. And earth, and earth with her ten thousand, thousand tongues; Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise, Shall
fill Thy courts with sounding praise, Shall fill, shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise. Wide, wide as the world is Thy command,



THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

Adapted by David T. Shaw, 1840.

1 Columbia the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion
A world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white and blue.
When borne by the red, white and blue,
When borne by the red, white and blue,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white and blue.

2 When war waged its wide desolation,
And threatened our land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia rode safe through the storm.
With her garlands of victory o'er her,
When so proudly she bore her bold crew,
With her flag floating proudly before her,
The boast of the red, white and blue.
The boast of the red, white and blue,
The boast of the red, white and blue,
With her flag floating proudly before her,
The boast of the red, white and blue.

3 Ye sons of Columbia come hither,
And join in our songs with delight,
May the wreaths you have won never wither,
May the star of your glory grow bright.
May the service united ne'er sever,
But hold to their colors so true,—
The army and navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.
Three cheers for the red, white and blue,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue,
The army and navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue!

BREAK FORTH IN SONGS, YE TREES.

Tune—"AMERICA." p. 95.

1 Break forth in songs, ye trees,
As, through your tops, the breeze
Sweeps from the sea;
For, on its rushing wings,
To your cool shades and springs,
That breeze a people brings,
Exiled, though free.

2 Ye sister hills lay down
Of ancient oaks your crown,
In homage due;
These are the great of earth,
Great not by kingly birth,
Great in their well-proved worth,
Firm hearts and true.

3 These are the living lights,
That from your bold, green heights,
Shall shine afar,
Till they who name the name
Of Freedom, to the flame
Come, as the Magi came
Toward Bethlehem's star.

JOHN PIERPONT.

GONE ARE THOSE GREAT AND GOOD.

Tune—"AMERICA." p. 95.

1 Gone are those great and good,
Who here in peril stood,
And raised their hymn;
Peace to the reverend dead!
The light, that on their head
Two hundred years have shed,
Shall ne'er grow dim.

2 Ye temples that to God,
Rise where our fathers trod,
Guard well your trust—
The faith that dared the sea—
The truth that made them free,
Their cherish'd purity,
Their garner'd dust.

3 Thou high and holy One,
Whose care for sire and son
All nature fills;
While day shall break and close,
While night her crescent shows,
O let thy light repose
On these our hills.

JOHN PIERPONT.

ROLL ON THOU JOYFUL DAY.

Tune—"AMERICA." p. 95.

1 Roll on thou joyful day,
When tyranny's proud sway,
Stern as the grave,
Shall to the ground be hurled,
And freedom's flag unfurled,
Shall wave throughout the world,
O'er every slave.

2 Trump of glad jubilee,
Echo o'er land and sea,
Freedom for all;
Let the glad tidings fly,
And every tribe reply,
Glory to God on high,
At slavery's fall.

3 Free, too, the captive mind,
By darkness long confined,
In slavery's night;
The Saviour's reign extend,
Virtue with freedom blend,
And full salvation send,
With freedom's light.

DUNCAN.

PRAISE TO THE CREATOR.

Tune—"AMERICA." p. 95.

1 Praise ye Jehovah's name;
Praise through his courts proclaim,
Rise and adore;
High o'er the heavens above,
Sound his great acts of love,
While His rich acts we prove,
Vast as His power.

2 Now let the trumpet raise
Triumphant sounds of praise,
Wide as His fame;
There let the harp be found;
Organs with solemn sound,
Roll your deep notes around,
Filled with His fame.

3 While His high praise ye sing,
Shake every sounding string;
Sweet the accord;
He vital breath bestows;
Let every breath that flows,
His noblest fame disclose—
Praise ye the Lord.

W. GOODE.

FREEMEN! AWAKE THE SONG.

Tune—"AMERICA." p. 95.

1 Freemen! awake the song!
Gladly the strain prolong,
Welcome this day!
It tells of glory won,
By deeds of valor done,
Shout till the setting sun
Sheds its last ray.

2 Our happy land we sing,
Your joyful tribute bring,
The song to swell;
Sing of our country's worth,
The place of freedom's birth,
The noblest spot on earth;
Her blessings tell.

3 Tell how Jehovah's care,
Guarded our blessings rare,
Till this bright hour;
And still secure from harm,
Held by His mighty arm,
And free from all alarm,
We trust His power.

4 Science her power exerts,
And treasures rich imparts,
Ennobling truth,
Whence holy influence springs,
Upon her heaven-plumed wings,
Bright burnished armor brings,
To guard our youth.

5 Our youth, our country's gems,
Their lustre brightly beams
For coming days;
Let Virtue's wreath be twined
Round each and every mind
The lamp of knowledge find,
To gild their ways.

6 May blessed religion's light,
Unfading, changeless, bright,
Their guide-stars be;
And, as to age they move,
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Guide them to realms above,
Where all are free.

STRONG.

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